

Haldeman's Home Movies & Other Payoffs

75¢

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**CBS De-Blacklists
John Henry Faulk**

The CIA and the Sub

**How Rock Critics
Get Their Chops Down**

How The World Was Won

The Global Bonanza of American TV



MAY 1975

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Cover by Jav Harner
Photographs courtesy National Telefilm Associates and Wide World

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MAY 1975

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LETTERS

License Suspended

In the April 1975 edition [Hellbox], Bob Kuttner describes Ralph Nader as being "occasionally maligned by the likes of Evans and Novak."

We have neither memory nor record of even criticizing Mr. Nader, much less maligning him during 12 years of column writing.

So, we are anxious to learn, as soon as possible, the basis of Mr. Kuttner's statement. Or does [MORE] possess a journalistic poetic license that makes such factual foundation for its statements irrelevant?

—Rowland Evans Jr.
Robert D. Novak
"Inside Report"
Washington, D.C.

Bob Kuttner replies: I wrote "the likes of Evans and Novak" to mean syndicated columnists generally. I did not mean E & N literally maligned Ralph Nader, and if any reader so interpreted my words, I certainly retract them. I agree that [MORE] readers, particularly, are entitled to precision.

Nattering?

Since [MORE] is dedicated to the improvement of American journalism, why waste your and the reader's time by attacking Seymour Hersh? [Taylor Branch, "The Scandal-Maker Stakes"—March 1975] Beginning with his My Lai stories, Hersh has consistently served the public by exposing government corruption. Any fair-minded person who reads CIA director William Colby's Jan. 15 statement will see it as a devastating confession of CIA improprieties and as essential confirmation of Hersh's original story.

So why not congratulate Hersh, who deserves to be nominated for a second Pulitzer prize for his CIA stories, instead of nattering against him? Are you trying to discourage excellence in reporting?

—David Wise
Washington, D.C.

Taylor Branch replies: There were three issues in my article on the coverage of the CIA surveillance scandal: (1) the accuracy of Hersh's stories; (2) charges that *The Washington Post* sabotaged the Hersh scandal out of competitive jealousy, and (3) the more difficult question of why this scandal succeeded where so many just fade away.

After reading all the clips from the *Times* and the *Post*, I supported the accuracy of Hersh's original story, while noting that some of his follow-up pieces were so thin or old as to be "embarrassing." (For supporting his original story, I have received howls of subterranean indignation from Hersh's rivals at the *Post*.) It seemed to me that Hersh's work was sabotaged by the *Post*, which I concluded was suffering a "post-Watergate letdown." I thought the scandal succeeded for many reasons: among them Hersh's persistent advocacy, which I "cheered" despite his recycled material, and because confirmations were curiously volunteered by people like Colby.

I stick by the judgments in my article, which I think was basically in support of Hersh although perhaps without the fervent hosannas journalists like to hear. David

Wise's letter seems to me a subdued reflection of the nonspecific outrage and backbiting that surrounds the feud between partisans of the *Times* and of the *Post*. If the government targets of press attacks were half as sensitive as the reporters themselves, Washington's tinsel atmosphere of self-righteous posturing would be worse than it already is.

Here I Stay

As a confirmed California chauvinist, I feel duty-bound to respond to Peter Schrag's article on "California Dreamin'" in the March issue.

Schrag writes, "California may provide the fads and movements, but New York makes the choices; the West offers, the East decides." I suppose this means that when something new happens in California, New York will view it, perhaps try it, and then decide whether it is a localized weirdness or a Trend which can be allowed to spread to Middle America. This suggests a cultural, "life/style" (as they say in *Newsweek*) dominance for New York but also suggests for California a certain openness, a willingness to experiment, to accept without categorization the tremendous number of options which this state has to offer. . . .

Schrag also indicates that we in California have reached the end of The Dream. But what has happened now that we have awakened? The craziness of the late sixties and early seventies hit California hard. Perhaps harder than the rest of the country because there were a greater number and a wider range of illusions shattered. However, we may have come out of the experience better. Now that the media has turned inward and gloomy-writing about the urban failures—there are no stories about how nothing works in Los Angeles or how San Francisco is dying. Let's face it. California is not yet subject to the intensity and despair of the urban woes afflicting the East and Midwest.

In fact, as events turn New York and Boston sour, California and other Western states such as Oregon and Colorado (two

Liebling IV

Your invitation to the Fourth Annual A. J. Liebling Counter Convention is on page 13. The program is already an exciting one, we think. But by the time you arrive at New York's Commodore Hotel for the weekend of May 8-11, a good many more events and surprises will be on the schedule. As promised in this space earlier, Liebling IV will include much more than panel discussions. There will be films (including *Five Star Final*, starring Edward G. Robinson), parties and a Media Midway. In short, as *The New York Times* called it last year, a "spring-rite catharsis for the press." It helps both you and us if you register early. So please fill out the coupon on page 13 and mail it in soon to avoid the crush at the door. Your credentials will await you when you arrive at the Commodore, along with the final program.

states, by the way, which seem to be the new focus of media glorification) are emerging as the new bastions of progressive policy.

Gone are Ronald Reagan, Max Rafferty, Sam Yorty and most of the Neanderthals of their ilk. In their place are men and women who are certainly flawed, but who at least have a spark of competence and compassion.

—Ross G. Bates
Sacramento, Calif.

Sander Vanocur (cont'd)

Criticism of the Barney Collier piece by the likes of Brit Hume and David Halberstam and Theodore White is questionable. I know none of these men personally, yet I have seen enough of and by them to get an acute sense of how important the glamour accorded media superstars is for these gentlemen. I hope the apology by Richard Pollak in the March edition of [MORE] does not mean you will avoid this sensitive and important issue from now on.

One other thing. In his letter, David Halberstam suggests that Sander Vanocur's release by NBC might have been connected to his "radicalism." Unless you strip "radicalism" of all economic meaning and base its definition completely on spiritual or, perhaps, sexual criteria, Sander Vanocur is not "radical." A better definition of his politics is "liberal." A better term for his economic status is "well-off" or perhaps, "rich."

—Lee Oleson
Alexandria, Va.

Will you permit one word from a genuine bystander on the Vanocur piece and its progeny. As a layman, not intimately familiar with the undisclosed alliances and crosscurrents at work, my observations are that: (1) Collier's was a pretty clumsy hatchet job which, nevertheless, (2) laid bare a basic problem of seduction by fame and fortune, and (3) the angry responses from the old boys of the 1960s and others wearing the old school tie attest to the ultimate accuracy of the Collier claim.

—Andrew W. McThenia Jr.
Professor of Law
Washington and Lee University
Lexington, Va.

"Smartalecky"

Jesus, maybe in the *American Mercury* but not in a supposedly high quality, professionally committed journal like [MORE].

What I am talking about is the unqualified ethno-religious smear that appeared unchallenged in March's Hellbox ["Woodstein and The Sundance Kid"], the line about everyone in the first script for *All the President's Men* sounding "like a New York Jew. Smartalecky, fast-talking. It was completely wrong."

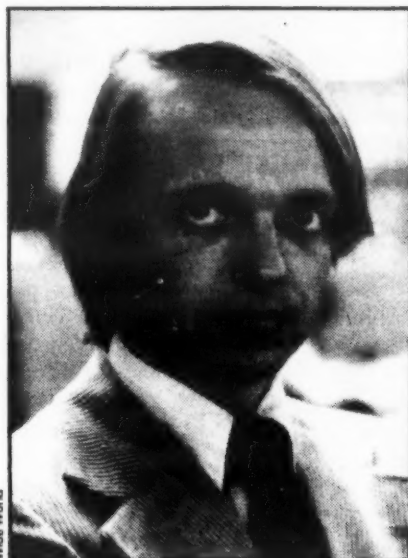
No doubt the script had some problems. But who in the hell is that "one reader" who attributes the problems to a reliance on an alleged singular dialect used by New York City residents of Jewish heritage. There are almost 3 million Jewish people in New York City, Mr. Editor. Do they all talk the same way? If they don't, my charge, which just a few years ago would have been considered quite serious, is proved.

That kind of unchallenged quote would not appear in any of our country's "Ten Worst" newspapers. To have it appear in [MORE] at a time when an increasing number of liberal-left publications are taking up an anti-Israel, anti-Zionist (i.e., those members of the Jewish people who believe their genetic sisters and brothers have a right to return and stay in their historic homeland) line is regrettable.

—Frederic U. Dicker
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

ROSEBUDS

Money Man



Associated Press investigator Brooks Jackson (above) and one of his targets, former Treasury Secretary John Connally, as he arrives at U.S. District Court with his attorney Edward Bennett Williams for continuation of his bribery trial.



ROSEBUDS to Brooks Jackson of the Associated Press's special assignment team for his coverage of campaign finance corruption. The four-person team, now eight years old, is the personal creation of AP general manager Wes Gallagher, who has ordered deskmen to keep the team free from daily pressures to produce copy.

During the two-year Watergate siege, Jackson, 33, made himself an expert on the intricacies of campaign finance reports—an unusually rich lode of public corruption hidden in the public record. Only a handful of other Washington reporters intermittently worked the mine with comparable skill, notably Jerry Landauer of *The Wall Street Journal*, Morton Mintz of *The Washington Post* and James Polk in *The Washington Star-News*, an alumnus of the same AP special assignment squad. What is noteworthy is that it remained for a wire service—usually denounced in journalism reviews for exhausting its troops with superficial scutwork—to free up a man to spend virtually full time mastering the esoterica of campaign financing.

Among other coups, Jackson broke several stories on illegal corporate contributions to Wilbur Mills's 1972 bid for the Presidency. One story showed that Mills, whose Ways and Means Committee was writing health insurance legislation, received a secret \$100,000 contribution from a computer firm that processes health insurance claims. Jackson also revealed that Internal Revenue Service auditors were on to illegal dairy contributions well before the 1972 election, but were apparently blocked by a Texas IRS official close to John Connally. Another memorable Jackson piece explored the system of Congressional contribution laundering whereby publicity-shy lobbies covertly earmarked money for their favorites by passing it through umbrella fund-raising committees of the major parties.

As AP's man on the dairy scandal, Jackson advanced that story in numerous ways and was the first reporter to find in an obscure court proceeding a cache of devastating documents detailing the milk lobby's internal investigation of itself. Most useful of all were Jackson's periodic pieces showing how Congressional campaign finance rivaled even Maurice Stans's epic raids on America's corporate treasuries. The typical Jackson story simply correlated special interest group contributions to key Congressmen with

goods received or anticipated. Jackson documented in one story, that got banner play in the provinces but little notice in the cynical Capital, that even the House Judiciary Committee was on the take from the dairy lobby.

In Washington, the *Post* was willing to put several of Jackson's stories on page one with a by-line, an honor rarely accorded a wire service piece. *The New York Times* also occasionally found space on page one for Jackson, but always deleted the by-line.

Besides the credit due Jackson, the AP hierarchy also deserves some praise for keeping the team free of daily pressures to produce spot copy. So rigidly is the no-spot-news rule enforced that Jackson needed special dispensation to cover the final chapter in his dairy story—the Connally bribery trial.

Now, ironically, with the Nixon scandals finally over, the special assignment team may be falling on hard times. Two of its stronger members, Jean Heller, who broke the story of the Tuskegee syphilis experiments, and Sandy Schwartz, left AP in 1974 and have not been replaced. Besides Jackson, the team now has only three other reporters, its lowest number since it began. They are Mike Putzell, regulatory specialist; Dick Pyke, former Saigon bureau chief, and Dick Barnes, who recently disclosed that, due to a formula miscalculation, Federal pensioners received cost of living adjustments that exceed actual inflation rates—a little error that may cost taxpayers \$100 billion by 1990. Though the team continues to turn out first-rate work, it is essentially rudderless. There has been no supervising editor for more than a year, and with Walter Mears's recent departure as assistant Washington bureau chief, no senior editor has taken a direct interest in the team. This could indicate even more latitude for the reporters or it could reflect that the cachet of investigative reporting is fading after a brief vogue and that Wes Gallagher, who is due to retire next year, no longer considers the team his personal pet project.

The future of the team depends largely on how Gallagher's successors view the project. For the moment, management will only say that there are no plans to further reduce the strength of the team—which once numbered ten—below its present level of four. Says Louis D. Boccardi, AP executive editor: "There is no diminution of interest in a team."

—BOB KUTTNER

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HELLBOX

Identity Crisis

William F. Buckley Jr. is on the firing line because of his career as a CIA operative in the early 1950s. Buckley's CIA connection first was reported in 1973. This year Ann Wyman, the new editor of the *Boston Globe's* editorial page, began considering attaching to every Buckley essay on the CIA the information that he was once a CIA man. "I think it's a good point, a reasonable question," Wyman said. "It is a piece of relevant information. I think it would be important for the reader to know."

For several weeks, Wyman and other *Globe* editors pondered the problem. At one point in early March they were prepared to begin identifying Buckley but hesitated because they feared setting a dangerous precedent. "If Buckley was fingered for his past, wouldn't a philan-



Buckley: fingered

derer also have to be clearly identified?" Wyman wondered.

In his March 11 column, Buckley joined the fray. He wrote that his CIA involvement was "as well known as that Coca-Cola is the pause that refreshes," and that labeling him as a former CIA operative was as relevant as noting his Catholicism, his Yale education, his love of country, family, peanut butter and J.S. Bach. "Perhaps one should identify anyone who writes about politics and is also a classics professor as being that," he observed.

The *Globe* answer appeared as an editor's note on March 14, the date it printed the Buckley column, three days after it had been published na-

tionally. It asserted: "The *Globe* carefully pondered the issue discussed in this column and, about a week ago, came to precisely the same conclusions as Buckley concerning the dangers of identifying author with subject." Ann Wyman said, "We agreed with Mr. Buckley. It was a good column, don't you think?" —SID BLUMENTHAL

Pie-witness News

The Great Chicago Pie War is over.

The battle began innocently enough in March, with a column by *Chicago Daily News* columnist Mike Royko about Pie Face International, an organization which, for a fee, will greet the person of one's choice with a pie in the face. Royko asked his readers to nominate candidates for this singular honor, and the winner—WLS-TV weatherman John Coleman—got his just desserts March 13 outside the studio. This, in turn, attracted the attention of the *Chicago Sun-Times*. Reporter Paul Galloway was assigned the Pie Face story, and he was so intrigued that he took out a "contract" on *Sun-Times* city editor Craig Klugman. Klugman was hit in a raid on the newsroom.

During this time, WBBM-TV was developing a Pie Face story of its own. A producer and camera crew from "Two on Two," the station's weekly newsmagazine program, arranged to follow Montrose Zatz, head of Pie Face's Chicago branch, on several "hits." One of these involved Jerry Brown, who was mushed at his restaurant, Diamond Jim's. Brown had been called by a regular customer—now an ex-customer—who told him he was going to be interviewed by "Two on Two" about bartending. Brown was asked one question about bartending—then came the pie. Both WBBM news director Jay Feldman and the show's associate producer, Terry Fern, deny that they staged the hit. The film clip later ran on the CBS Weekend News.

While working on the Patricia Hearst case, *Chicago Tribune* reporter Ron Koziol learned from one of his sources that Montrose Zatz had a criminal record. He printed the information March 19. This prompted an angry response from

The Happy Hoaxer

Rights to the original Howard Hughes hoax book, which Clifford Irving peddled to McGraw-Hill as an authorized autobiography, have been sold to a Spanish publisher called Sedmay, which will issue it "in six or eight languages simultaneously," according to Irving. The sale price is a secret. Publication date and method of distribution in this country have not been announced either, although Irving claims at least one "serious" American hardback publisher has put in a bid. Working title of the new version, which Irving will edit separately for European and American readers, is *The "Autobiography" of Howard Hughes*.



Irving: tickled

Wide World

The quotation marks apparently make all the difference. Irving and his lawyer, Maurice Nessen, interpret the court decision preventing publication of the book to mean that the book could not be published as fact. "The clear implication was that it could be done as a hoax," says Irving. (Irving long ago signed away the book rights to his manager, Milidomo, Inc., a group of enterprising American businessmen who also manage Xaviera Hollander.)

Irving, who says he really "isn't interested" in Hughes, will edit out the libelous passages and revise the "pace" of the three-year-old manuscript. "It tickles my ego to have it appear," he says. "It's a good book."

—ANN GERACIMOS

Royko, who noted that the record was ten years old and wondered why it was now relevant. "It's not as if he were a politician or something," Royko told [MORE]. "All he did was throw pies." Koziol went on to dis-



City editor: creamed.

Bettmann Archive

closed that Zatz was free on bond stemming from forgery charges and that he may have committed fraud in obtaining a driver's license. Royko says that publicity has cost Zatz his regular job.

* * *

In a related development in the Big Apple Pie, WPLJ radio disc jockey Alex Bennett has filed a \$1 million lawsuit against *New York* magazine and reporter Mark Jacobson for running an article and picture of Bennett after he was hit by a chocolate cream pie. Bennett, who got his while on the air, is suing for

invasion of privacy and for "using my photo without permission."

The pie was delivered by Pie Kill Unlimited (no relation to the Chicago group), but Bennett is only suing Jacobson and *New York*, which ran the story Jan. 27. "If they're going to make money off of my embarrassment, then at least I ought to get some of it," Bennett says. Jacobson was included because he is "an ally" of *New York*.

Reaction was swift. Rex Weiner, Chief Agent of Pie Kill, says that to sue over a pie in the face is "a mark of no class whatsoever." And in Jacobson's view, Bennett has "no sense of humor. He deserves another pie."

—RICHARD WEXLER

House Reporters

At least one member of Congress isn't grumbling about the press coverage he receives from the newspapers in his district. Representative Ray Roberts of McKinney, Tex., claims to have such a good working relationship with some of his back-home media outlets that he has placed their reporters on his payroll to write stories about him from his office in Washington. Roberts, a virtual unknown in Washington until he became chairman of the House Veterans Affairs Committee this year, says that when reporters from his district are on vacation he will "bring them up here for two weeks or so." He says this arrangement is "beneficial" to reporters because it shows them "how Congress works."

Filler of the Month

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HELLBOX

Roberts sees no conflict of interest in reporters working out of his office or taking money from him while they cover his activities in Congress.

The East Texas newspapers which have taken advantage of this offer include Roberts's hometown paper, the McKinney *Courier-Gazette* (circ: 6,000). Editor Jerry Strader says the paper has "on occasion" sent reporters to work in Roberts's office, but he claims that the most recent incident involved a newspaper intern, not a full-time staff member. "Roberts sends us his releases regularly, and it's a nice relationship that we are happy to have," says Strader.

Matt Sheley, editor of the Green-



Roberts: happy host

ville *Herald-Banner* (circ: 11,000) also admits that his newspaper has accepted Roberts's invitation, which he says is "passed around" among newspapers in the district. "We get all of Mr. Roberts's news releases and we run them too," says Sheley. Sheley claims he "doesn't remember getting any benefit" out of sending reporters to work in Roberts's office. But he is proud of his newspaper's relationship with not only Roberts, but other Texas politicians. "We've got a good relationship with them all," he says.

Roberts says his offer of coverage, the "in-house" variety, still stands and that his district newspapers can continue to take "advantage" of it.

—RANDY FITZGERALD

A Family Affair

When Hal Protter became acting manager of St. Louis independent television station KPLR last fall, he moved quickly to save money at the financially troubled station. KPLR's only videotape crew was disbanded and its members were either fired or transferred to different jobs. The station, which features a substantial schedule of reruns, virtually abandoned coverage of local news, and production of documentaries was halted. KPLR news programming—consisting of six three-minute evening broadcasts just before the hour—was confined to summarize of stories provided by a wire service.

Protter hired Harriett Woods, a ten-year employee who had been producing high-quality documentaries for the station and was serving as the station's director of public affairs, as news director. Woods was told that future documentaries would have to be done "in the studio," if at all. After two months on the job, Woods was fired. "The general manager simply told me that news and public affairs ranked at the bottom," says Woods. "I was frustrated in my effort to do a competent job." Protter says Woods's work was "satisfactory" but that "her relationship with other department heads was not."

Nancy Scanlon, a daughter-in-law of station owner Harold Koplar, was named public affairs director. Her husband, Ted Koplar, is program director. Gail Brekke, one of the station's newscasters, became news director. Brekke is Mrs. Hal Protter.

—JOHN ARCHIBALD

The Wings of Mandel

After spending days poring over Maryland state police records, Baltimore *Sun* reporter Steven M. Luxenberg disclosed that Gov. Marvin Mandel, in "a persistent pattern of abuse," had often used state police emergency medical helicopters for personal trips and campaign purposes. "The daily helicopter logs," Luxenberg wrote in the article, which appeared as the Sunday, March 9 lead, "show that Governor Mandel alone took 121 trips over the last three years. . . ."

Deep Trash

Bent on achieving authenticity for the upcoming film *All the President's Men*, Warner Brothers spent \$250,000 reconstructing *The Washington Post* newsroom in its Los Angeles studios. Now, in order to provide the proper journalistic ambience, Warners plans to collect trash in the *Post* newsroom and send it to Hollywood.

Shipment is due in early May, when the film, which stars Dustin Hoffman and Robert Redford as *Post* reporters Woodward and Bernstein, will commence shooting. A carton for trash collection has been sitting in a corner of the *Post* newsroom since March, and employees have been encouraged to deposit copy paper, wire copy and desk top papers. Lois Smith, a Warners publicist, takes care to point out that what is being gathered is "trash," not "garbage."

There may be a few surprises when the "trash" is emptied: *Post* reporter Tom Donnelly has tossed in the soundtrack of *Earthquake* and a pile of promotional material and pictures of Robert Redford.

—PETER ADAMS

Obscene Cover-Up

The March 28 covers of *Time* and *Newsweek* featured the same memorable picture of a Vietnamese mother carrying a wounded child. *Time* cropped the picture above the child's waist. *Newsweek* ran the child's entire nude body, and quickly became an X-rated magazine in Dallas.

A Dallas city ordinance passed March 24 was intended to keep "sexually explicit" material at newsstands, drive-in groceries and other media outlets out of sight of persons under 17. One section of the law prohibits pictures of human genitalia unless they are "completely" or "opaquely" covered. An assistant city attorney said that a literal interpretation of the law would have to include the *Newsweek* cover, and the Commerce Street Bookstore echoed his view. Rather than put its magazines behind the counter, the bookstore brought out the pasties—for *Penthouse*, *Oui* and *Newsweek*.

The ordinance was pushed through by an anxious councilman facing a tough race in the April 1 city elections. By week's end, the city attorney, who had advised the council not to pass the ordinance, was saying it would have to be significantly reworded.

—STEVE SINGER



During the week he was working on the story, Luxenberg says, *Sun* city editor William F. Schmick III "was wondering if we should even bother to call the governor" for his comments prior to publication. Luxenberg "felt all along that I should call"—that it is "a canon of journalism" to give persons named in a damaging article an opportunity to reply before publication. Finally, however, Schmick told him not to make the call. After the first edition appeared, Luxenberg called Man-

del's press secretary, Frank De Filippo. He told De Filippo about the story and Schmick's decision, and asked for the governor's comments.

Mandel did not respond until March 13. Then, appearing at a press conference, he lashed out at the *Sun* papers and at Schmick, accusing them of waging a "personal vendetta" against him. He said that Schmick's decision was designed to produce "a deliberately distorted story" and called it "the most flagrant abuse I have ever seen of the responsibilities of the press." If his comments had been obtained prior to publication, Mandel continued, it would have been made clear that the trips were on official business. The governor flatly denied using state helicopters improperly and said that several trips listed in the *Sun* were for official business.

Schmick, in a statement, said he made the decision because the story "came straight from public records. We were not printing allegations from anonymous sources." For those reasons, Luxenberg, while disagreeing with the decision, also felt the story would stand on its own. Luxenberg correctly points out that, to date, Mandel has issued only flat denials of the *Sun* charges and has never presented satisfactory contradictory evidence. Still, as *Sun* columnist Peter Jay wrote on March 16, this one deviation from "normal journalistic practice . . . enabled the Governor to attack the *Sun* vociferously, and in so doing to divert attention from what was a very strong, well-reported and accurate story."

—C.C.

Like the missionary campaigns of the 18th and 19th centuries, America's slick television culture has served as a herald of empire and helped increase the international proliferation of U.S. business interests.

The Global Bonanza of American TV

BY ANDREW R. HOROWITZ

There is perhaps nothing so incongruous as a television set in a mud hut or slum shack. But this incongruity does exist in many countries around the world. It may do more to change the world more quickly than any development since the invention of the wheel.

—Leonard Goldenson
Chairman of the Board, ABC (1964)

From 1959 to 1973, Ben Cartwright and his sons—Adam, Hoss and Little Joe—roamed the plains of the Ponderosa and the screens of American television. In a total of 359 episodes (25 a year for almost 14 years), "Bonanza" reassured millions with its good, clean fun and weekly doses of frontier justice. Meanwhile, away from the ranch, the American Way of Life was steadfastly protected by determined cops ("Mannix," "Highway Patrol"), dedicated doctors ("Ben Casey," "Dr. Kildare"), vigilant intelligence agents ("Man From U.N.C.L.E.," "Mission Impossible") and a whole parade of just plain folks ("I Love Lucy," "Father Knows Best").

In the United States today, most of these programs have now been replaced by "new" concoctions of the entertainment mill. But though the Cartwrights may be hard to find in the U.S. these days, last week they were seen by more than 400,000,000 viewers in 90 countries. Indeed, for the

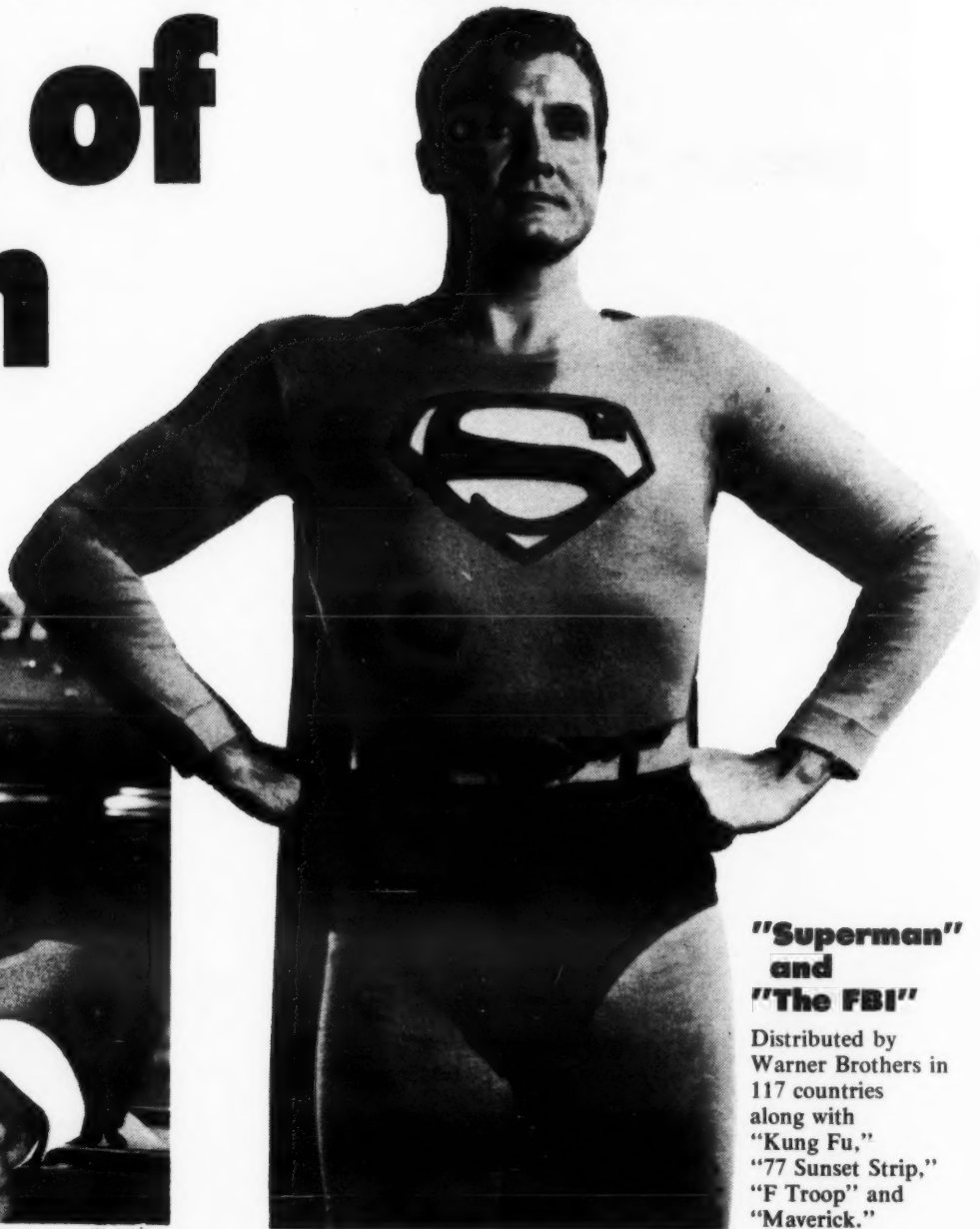
Andrew R. Horowitz is a member of The Network Project, which investigates the broadcasting industry and periodically publishes reports on its findings. This article is based on Global Salesman, published by The Network Project, 101 Earl Hall, Columbia University, New York, N.Y. 10027.

past decade, "Bonanza" has offered the single most common cultural experience around the world, leaving one hard-pressed to disagree with NBC's boast that Ben Cartwright and his sons are "truly the first television family of the world." And not far behind are the other programs that once filled American screens five, ten and even 20 years ago. This TV culture, former ABC International president Kevin O'Sullivan assures us, is "the most sought after, the most desired programming in the whole world."

UNESCO recently estimated that the total number of hours of American TV programs exported abroad each year ranges anywhere from a base of 100,000 to as many as 200,000, or well over twice the number of hours exported by all other nations. The longest American series include over 500 episodes with a total broadcast time of close to 400 hours. "Peyton Place," which leads the pack with 514 episodes, can be viewed abroad for ten years if each one-half hour segment is shown weekly. In the early sixties, the largest foreign consumers by far were Great Britain and Germany. Today, American television culture abounds in Latin America, Africa, Asia, Western Europe and Canada. Except for the People's Republic of China, Mongolia, Albania, the Democratic People's Republic of Korea and Cuba, American programs currently are seen in almost every country of the world. By 1970, 115 countries were receiving programs syndicated by NBC. CBS, whose foreign clientele included 105 countries, and ABC, which in 1969 was distributing almost 900 programs in more than 90 countries, were not far behind.



Warner Bros.



Warner Bros.

"Superman" and "The FBI"

Distributed by Warner Brothers in 117 countries along with "Kung Fu," "77 Sunset Strip," "F Troop" and "Maverick."

In 1971, however, the Federal Communications Commission ruled that the networks could no longer syndicate programs in the United States and also restricted their exports to those few programs they produce and finance entirely on their own.* The official explanation for the ruling was that the networks commanded too much control over which programs were seen on American screens. The decision came, however, at the height of the Nixon Administration's attack on the "liberal bias" of network news coverage. Whatever the motives, the ruling moved the networks to sell off their extensive film libraries and distribution services. NBC dealt off its division to National Telefilms Associates (NTA), a former motion picture syndicator. CBS and ABC also sold to independent companies, albeit ones run by the same executives who had operated the syndication divisions at each network. Indeed, the former ABC executives even kept the name of the network's old service—Worldvision.

But even if the FCC had not ruled in 1971 and the networks had continued their foreign syndication activity, their efforts would still have been dwarfed by Hollywood. For the past decade, over 80 per cent of all American programs exported have come from the studios of some 160 motion picture companies. Ninety-nine per cent of the global marketplace, however, has been—and remains—the exclusive province of ten California-based multinational entertainment conglomerates: Allied Art-

*Since the networks produce so little entertainment fare themselves, the FCC ruling has limited their foreign catalogue to news and public affairs—categories that account for only 9 per cent of all American material exported.

ists, Avco-Embassy, Four Star Entertainment, MCA, MGM, Paramount, Screen Gems, Twentieth Century-Fox, United Artists and Warner Brothers. This "Hollywood 10," with program sales offices throughout the world, has turned the foreign distribution of old U.S. serials into a \$100 million-a-year business. Warner Brothers, for example, serves up such enlightenment as "The FBI," "Kung Fu" and "Superman" through no less than 52 foreign subsidiaries that syndicate the series to 117 nations. MCA, with 24 foreign subsidiaries serving 115 countries, offers such TV Americana as "Marcus Welby, M.D." and "Leave It To Beaver."

Unlike the networks, whose income is derived almost exclusively at home, the revenues these film companies receive from foreign sales often mean the difference between profit and loss. Television production in the United States is often a deficit operation. The sale of a series to a network usually covers only the cost of production; rarely does it return a profit. According to most film industry sources, U.S. television film producers earn about 20 per cent of their revenue through exporting.

While television was slowly coming of age around the world, American firms were there first with the most. Once a new broadcast system had been built in a country, the problem of filling air time remained. Rarely could this need be met with the limited financial resources available in most foreign countries, which, in many cases, lacked even the most primitive production facilities. Such countries were easy targets for Hollywood distribu-

tors. These companies had money, talent, technicians and facilities, not to mention an extensive backlog of ready-made programs. They could supply an essential product in a market where virtually no competition existed.

Nor was Hollywood eager to see any competition develop abroad. To discourage the possibility, all major distributors have resorted to "price cutting"—offering a foreign broadcaster a program for much less than it would cost to produce a homemade product. The practice dates back to 1956 in Australia, where a number of U.S. distributors had begun to experience some competitive pressure from a handful of Australian production companies that were using every money-saving device possible to produce half-hour films on Australian history and contemporary life for \$20,000 each. The American response was to offer Australian broadcasters one-hour episodes for as little as \$1,000 and half-hour programs for \$500. These prices not only allowed local station managers and advertisers to pick up slick U.S. products for a fraction of what it would cost to produce locally, they also guaranteed them a ready supply of programming that had successfully passed the all-important test of viewer popularity. As Erik Barnouw, the Columbia University communications scholar, has noted, Australian broadcasters received these early bargains with comments like this to local producers:

Look, I can get "Restless Gun" for \$1400 an episode. It had an audience rating of 31.1 in the United States. According to *Sponsor* magazine, it had a CPMHPCM [cost-per-thousand-homes-per-commercial-minute] rating of \$2.34. That's some



Culver Pictures

"Father Knows Best"

Distributed by Screen Gems
(a subsidiary of Columbia Pictures)
in 80 countries along with "Bewitched,"
"The Flintstones" and "Rin Tin Tin."



Paramount Pictures

"The Untouchables"

Distributed by Paramount
(a subsidiary of Gulf & Western) in
80 countries along with "Mannix,"
"Star Trek," "Mission Impossible"
and "The Odd Couple."



Bettmann Archive

"The Man From U.N.C.L.E."

Distributed by MGM in 109 countries
along with "Medical Center" and
"Then Came Bronson."

CPMHPCM rating, isn't it? Now what can you offer?

The local producer could offer ideas, perhaps talent, but certainly not a bargain certified by a CPMHPCM rating.

Since the fifties, TV producers around the world have been overwhelmed by a vast, cheap supply of American exports. Most vulnerable have been the poorer countries of Latin America, Africa and Asia, where TV production is still in its infancy. For instance, one-hour U.S. programs could be purchased in many countries last year for as little as \$75 (Haiti and Honduras). In Thailand, the bargain price was \$500. Even in Kuwait and Saudi Arabia, with all those petrodollars, the figure was as low as \$250. The prime-time programming in Nigeria (\$35-40 for half-hour episodes; \$80-110 for the longer ones) was wall-to-wall Hollywood: "Mission Impossible" (Sunday), "The Big Valley" (Monday), "Mannix" (Wednesday), "Bronco" (Thursday) and "Bonanza" (Friday). The impact in Nigeria, as elsewhere, has been to wipe out the economic base for local program production.

The film industry long has known the strategic value of efficient organization and centralized control to serve its global designs. In 1922 it formed the Motion Picture Association of America

(MPAA) to handle both the domestic and foreign syndication of its members' films. In 1960, the "Hollywood 10" established a similar entity, the Motion Picture Export Association of America (MPEAA), and vested it with the authority to represent its membership in negotiations with foreign governments and entrepreneurs for the sale of U.S. television programs.

The MPEAA operates as a single bargaining unit with foreign customers. Such activity would be prohibited in the United States on anti-trust grounds. It flourishes abroad, however, under the protection of the Webb-Pomerene Act of 1918. The act permits businesses overseas to function as monopolies, with a single sales agent empowered to set prices and arrange contracts. This is the way it works with the association which, in addition, itself restricts members from entering into separate negotiations with foreign buyers. The MPEAA's functions, scope and methods are not unlike those of the Department of State. One of its regular quasi-governmental duties includes lobbying against foreign legislation that would hinder the impact of its members' programs. When an Argentine bill was proposed a few years ago that would have required U.S. programs shown in Argentina to be dubbed in that country, the MPEAA sent

down a delegation to oppose the bill. Although this legislation hardly could have been considered grounds for any major concern, the MPEAA worried that if the bill were passed then similar bills would be proposed in other Latin American countries, thus making the export of programs to that hemisphere more difficult. The bill was defeated.

Though the American TV bombardment abroad is heavier than ever today, a few nations are beginning to rise up against the aggressive sales tactics of U.S. producers. Until recently, for example, prime-time programming in Canada was almost a replica of that seen in the United States. A 1965 government-appointed commission, after surveying the state of Canadian television, was left with this question: "Does not a population of twenty million people have something of its own to say?" In 1969, the Canadian Parliament passed a law permitting only 40 per cent of the country's programming to be produced abroad, and only 30 per cent from any one country. Other nations, including Great Britain, France, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, Australia and Japan have also imposed quotas—albeit less stringent ones. Because those industrialized nations have well-developed television resources today, they are less vulnerable than the developing (and more populous) nations of Latin America, Asia and Africa. In the end, however, it is merely a matter of degree. For the impact of the American TV series, wherever it appears, extends well beyond the propagation of American symbols, characters and patterns of behavior.

Like the missionary campaigns of the 18th and 19th centuries, America's exported TV culture has served as a herald of empire. Its message has helped grease the international proliferation of U.S. business interests since the early fifties. While the American TV package has supplied the world with images of the good life, foreign subsidiaries and affiliates of American consumer goods industries have amassed fortunes in providing it. Proctor & Gamble (which currently earns \$3 out of every \$4 abroad), Bristol-Meyers, Colgate-Palmolive, Coca-Cola, Pepsi-Cola, Ford and General Motors for years have sponsored American programs abroad—ever since the Esso Corporation (now Exxon) began experimenting with television advertising in Cuba in 1951. When a TV campaign launched by the oil company a few years later increased sales by over 20 per cent in a period of only 12 days, a huge economic surge abroad followed, with other firms enjoying similar successes elsewhere. As one Max Factor executive put it in 1959, the year his company sponsored 39 U.S. programs in Brazil, "to ignore the power of television is to ignore the most powerful advertising force the world has ever known."

Not until the sixties, however, did the global interests of U.S. broadcasters and consumer goods industries truly begin to merge on a large scale. The union was spearheaded by ABC, which spent the entire decade integrating scores of stations around the world into a single international network, Worldvision. Although ABC no longer operates this network because of the aforementioned 1971 FCC ruling, its efforts played a crucial role in spreading commercialism worldwide. What Worldvision offered the international advertiser was a centralized sales apparatus enabling him to market his merchandise on an unprecedented scale. From 1965 to 1969, ABC extended its reach to 60 per cent of all TV sets outside the United States where some form of commercial broadcasting was permitted.

The genesis of the network dates to 1960, when ABC invested \$250,000 in five Central American television stations (Costa Rica, Honduras, Guatemala, El Salvador and Nicaragua). The com-

(continued on page 22)

Hooking Up The System

Before any American TV program could reach its intended foreign audience, national television systems had to be built and management and technical personnel trained to operate them. This became the task of the three American commercial networks, which, by the mid-fifties, had begun exporting an economic framework of broadcasting built on the American experience. Their efforts resulted in television's sweeping the globe. By 1973, broadcasters in 130 countries were transmitting signals from more than 33,000 stations to more than 330,000,000 television sets; and in 90 countries, some form of commercial broadcasting had been introduced.

The earliest, and most direct, type of American influence abroad involved investing in foreign broadcast systems, a practice initiated with NBC's purchase of stock in an Australian TV station in 1953. But given the reluctance of foreign governments to relinquish ownership of their valuable broadcast properties to outsiders, only a modest share of the networks' surplus capital ever found its way abroad in this form.

Where the networks *did* make a considerable impact abroad is in pioneering the construction and expansion of foreign television systems. CBS entered this field in 1959, when it provided technical assistance for the creation of a second German television network (Freies Fernsehen). The network was declared unconstitutional and dismantled a year later. Nonetheless, it set the stage for further projects, including, among others, a contract signed with the Italian Broadcasting Corporation (RAI) in 1961 to supply management expertise in the areas of program production, news, public affairs and sales promotion. CBS's largest project, however, involved construction of Israel's nationwide television system in 1966.

But it was NBC that emerged as the biggest U.S. supplier of management and technical aid to foreign broadcasters. Invariably, they were broadcasters whose systems were being built with equipment purchased from NBC's parent company, RCA. Activity in this area began in 1958, when the

company provided managerial and administrative assistance to television systems inaugurating some form of commercial operation in Portugal, Peru, Sweden and Yugoslavia. NBC then went on to build TV stations in Egypt, Argentina and Hong Kong, assist in the formation of Italy's second television network, and design national broadcast systems in Kenya, Sierra Leone, the Sudan, Uganda and Nigeria. (Nigeria's system, in fact, was managed by the company's international management services coordinator, J. Robert Myers, from 1962 to 1965.)

NBC also put together the largest single television project ever undertaken by an American firm: construction of a 13-station network in Saudi Arabia, started in 1964 and finished two years later under joint contract to the U.S. State Department and the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. In 1966 again with U.S. government support, NBC built South Vietnam's national TV system, to which the company continues to supply equipment and advisory support.

ABC has by far the most widespread connections abroad. With CBS and NBC concentrating primarily on maintaining a firm command of television markets at home, ABC eagerly pursued less competitive situations abroad. The company owns stock in five Central American television stations, three Japanese stations, and one each in Australia and the Philippines; and in program production companies in Mexico, Great Britain and West Germany. In addition, ABC maintains minor holdings among some 54 other television stations around the world, to which over the years it has supplied assistance in the areas of administration, sales promotion and programming. Like both CBS and NBC, it also has been active in the development of foreign broadcast systems. In 1960, ABC built Ecuador's first TV station, and later assisted both in the creation of the Philippines' Republic Broadcasting System and in the formation of the Arab Middle East Television Network, comprised of stations in Syria, Lebanon, Kuwait, Iraq and Jordan.

—A.R.H.

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O'Neill's**

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Moon
for
the
Misbegotten**

**with
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Dewhurst
and
Jason
Robards**

**Jose
Quintero,
Director**

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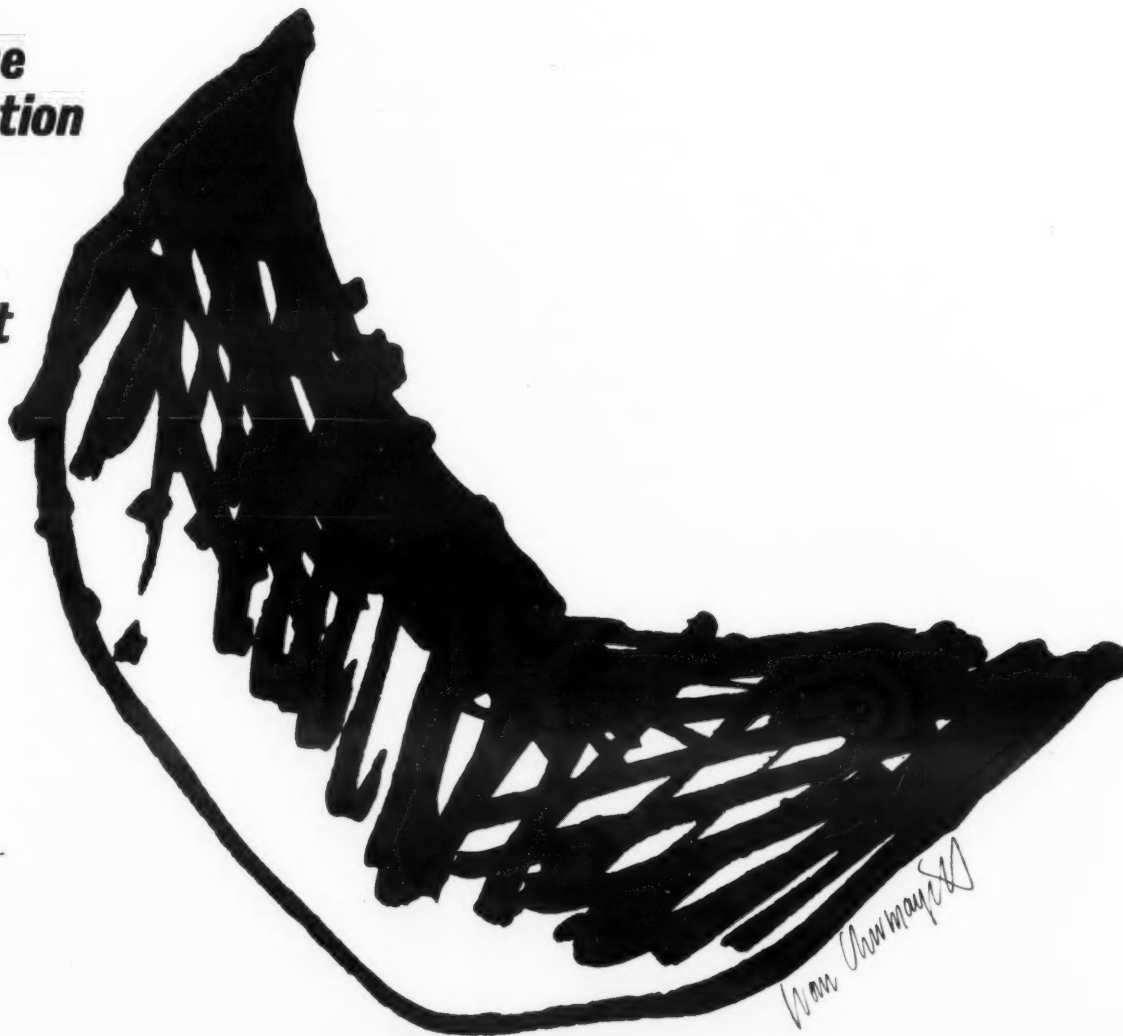
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"Magnificent on all counts" UPI

"Stunning and radiant" NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

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a special award for "Distinguished achievement...for
an outstanding dramatic revival of an American Classic."**

Mobil





Jane Clark

The CIA and 'Our Conspiracy'

BY MORTON KONDRACKE

I think the newspapers did the right thing. I think Mr. Colby did the right thing. I would hope, if we have other incidents of this nature, that that kind of understanding would exist in the future.

—President Ford's March 23 interview with *The Los Angeles Times*

On March 17, when CIA director William E. Colby's project to contain the "Project Jennifer" story had ripened almost to the point of bursting, he telephoned Jack Nelson, *The Los Angeles Times* Washington bureau chief. Afterwards Nelson wrote himself a memo, as follows:

William Colby called to say that "the story is spreading," that he had managed to "lock up" CBS and the Public Broadcasting System, both of whom had developed the Russian nuclear sub-CIA story.

Colby said he simply "took my life in my hands" and telephoned wire services and [the] networks to ask them to telephone him first if they ran into any story about the CIA and the oceans

... If the story spreads far enough, he said, pausing and laughingly referring to "our conspiracy," all the "responsible journalists" will be in tow and that will put pressure on all others not to be irresponsible.

Then, he said, if the story spreads to the "crazies" it won't make much difference because they would lack credibility. I told him I didn't know about that and he acknowledged he might be whistling in the dark.

By the time Nelson (not a willing participant in the conspiracy) had had his chat with Colby, some of the most prestigious Vietnam- and Watergate-hardened news organizations in the United States had been "locked up" in an arrangement with the CIA to hold back accounts of the secret agency's effort, with help from Howard Hughes, to raise a sunken Soviet submarine from the Pa-

Morton Kondracke covers the White House for the Chicago Sun-Times.

The almost lockstep cooperation of the media with William Colby's "national security" campaign in the submarine case suggests that the lessons of Vietnam and Watergate still need to be driven home to most editors and publishers.

cific Ocean floor. Besides the L.A. *Times* and those mentioned in Nelson's memo, Colby had tried to put all of the following "in tow": *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *The Washington Star*, NBC, *Parade* magazine and Jack Anderson. Colby enjoyed considerable success.

Some of the organizations were on to the story when the CIA asked them to hold it—notably *The New York Times*, thanks to another piece of virtuoso reporting by Seymour Hersh. *The Los Angeles Times* had actually printed a page-one story on the operation—locating it in the Atlantic Ocean instead of the Pacific, however. *The Washington Post* and NBC, among others, hadn't fully focused on the story when Colby called, and some, including *Newsweek*, found out about Jennifer so late that they were denied the necessity or burden of deciding whether to be "responsible."

After Jack Anderson decided on March 18

not to go along with Colby's program, unleashing a flood of page-one stories and a gush of favorable editorials about Jennifer, an initial set of reflections among reporters, editors and publishers revolved around the oft-asked question: What do you do when the government asks you, in the name of national security, not to print a story? The debate proceeded predictably, with reporters and some reporter-bureau chiefs advocating the rule "Print and be damned," or at least "Almost always print and be damned." Editors and publishers, notably those who had cooperated with Colby, defended a more cautious standard: evaluate each request on a case-by-case basis, depending on the facts as you understand them.

Yet, the more both reporters and editors began looking at the facts that came out and at the way they came out, the more a new set of questions arose about this particular national security dilemma. Had Colby been trying to suppress the story, or spread it? Was his purpose to fool the Soviet Union, or to enhance the CIA's tarnished image among Americans? Or, was the whole episode, in fact, a fantastic cover story for some other operation, foreign or domestic? After pondering a lot of this, Jack Nelson has concluded, "If I had to guess, I'd say we've all been used by the CIA. I think we've been subjected to a campaign of dis-information." Some editors, including *Washington Post* executive editor Benjamin Bradlee (who was out of the country when his paper joined Colby's conspiracy), think that Nelson may have it right, though no one is sure of Colby's purpose.

If the notion spreads that Colby has made patsies of the press, what does that portend for President Ford's hope—and many reporters' fear—that a Jennifer-style "understanding" will prevail again next time? Sy Hersh, for one, does not

think it will happen, if next time involves the CIA. He thinks Colby may have cried "wolf" over a secret that was not worth the keeping, and that the CIA will be the long-run loser, despite what he calls a "gutsy" effort at news control by Colby. Hersh, what is more, cautions critics against "moral arrogance" in judging how newspapers, including his own, handled Project Jennifer.

When the *Times* finally published Hersh's 5,600-word story on "Project J" March 19—under a five-column page-one head such as it used two days later for the fall of Hue—the newspaper made up in splash and depth for what it might have had in exclusivity long before. Hersh had first learned of the project in the fall of 1973, while beginning to put together a planned series for the *Times* and a book for Random House on U.S. intelligence. He was called off the project to work on Watergate, but he saw CIA figures from time to time and asked them about Jennifer. One such inquiry apparently led Colby to call *Times* executives in February 1974, and Hersh was dispatched to CIA headquarters for an interview.

At that time, with the CIA's sub-raising planned for summer, Hersh recalls that Jennifer was all that Colby wanted to talk about, although Hersh was more interested in Watergate. In a 40-minute meeting, Hersh agreed to call Colby before returning to work on his intelligence series, and apparently the agreement has led to CIA input for Hersh's other major reporting coups this season, on the destabilization of Chile and domestic spying. In his main March 19 Jennifer story, Hersh wrote that he agreed in February 1974 to stop researching the sub project "after a request from Mr. Colby." The agreement held for a year.

On Feb. 7, 1975, *The Los Angeles Times* published a page-one story in its first afternoon edition that began: "Howard Hughes contracted with the Central Intelligence Agency to raise a sunken Russian nuclear submarine from the Atlantic Ocean . . ." The story was written in Los Angeles on the basis of information growing out of an investigation of a burglary at Howard Hughes's Summa Corp. headquarters. Before the *Times* even hit the street, the CIA's deputy director for science and technology, Carl Duckett, phoned Franklin Murphy, board chairman of the Times Mirror Co., and a former member of the U.S. Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board. Murphy later said he told Duckett that he had no control over material in the newspaper, and referred Duckett to *Times* editor William F. Thomas.

In an interview with one of his own reporters, Bill Boyarsky, Thomas said he was visited by a CIA man who told him that a new try at raising the Soviet sub and recovering its code books and missiles was scheduled for this summer. The visitor, Thomas said, "had been told to tell me anything I wanted to know, to brief me, to lay it all out. He asked for nothing in return. He said frankly, they were counting on us realizing what their point of view was on the story when we were in possession of all the facts." Thomas moved the story off page one, but not out of the paper, playing it on page 18 in later editions. It also moved on the Washington Post-L.A. *Times* wire. For the next 40 days, Thomas had reporters in Washington and California checking further on Jennifer, and he received seven CIA briefings himself, all the while keeping further stories out of the paper.

Within days of the first L.A. *Times* story, Hersh saw a wire service reprint in *The New York Post* and called Colby, telling him that the February 1974 agreement was off, especially in view of the CIA's apparent cozy relationship with Hughes.

Hersh began a month of digging into the story. Colby called the *Times* publisher, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, but apparently he did not ask Sulzberger to withhold the story, and Sulzberger apparently did not decide to do so. In fact, one subordinate quoted Sulzberger as saying he thought CIA claims of national security in the Jennifer case were "bullshit" because the Soviets had to have been aware of the 1974 attempt to raise their sub. However, Sulzberger did not order printing of the story, either, leaving all decisions up to managing editor A.M. Rosenthal, who decided in the end to go along with Colby. Rosenthal declined to be interviewed about his decision-making process, but subordinate *Times* executives say that it was anything but quick and easy.

Even before there was a firm *Times* decision, Colby visited Katharine Graham, publisher of *The Washington Post*, and in 15 or 30 minutes on Feb. 13 made what she later said was "a very low-key and very rational" argument that "convinced me" the Jennifer story should be delayed. One of his arguments, she said, was that *The New York Times* had had the story for a year without using it, and that the L.A. *Times* was holding back. With Bradley out of the country, she consulted managing editor Howard Simons and recounted Colby's case from notes she had taken. "He thought it was very convincing," she said, but she insists she issued no orders, and never does in editorial matters.

At the time, in fact, it would not have been necessary. The *Post* was not pursuing the Jennifer story in anything like the style of the N.Y. *Times* and L.A. *Times*. Science writer Thomas O'Toole, who is on the CIA beat part-time, had been told about the L.A. *Times* story and had called some sources, but three-fourths of them said that the Hughes-sub tale sounded incredible, and he accepted their opinions. He did place a call to Angus Thuermer, the CIA's spokesman, but Thuermer took several days calling back.

It was already into March when Thuermer finally called back, two weeks or more after the Graham-Colby meeting, and the CIA man told O'Toole to see Bradley about the submarine story. Bradley, as it turned out, knew nothing about it, and had to consult with Simons and Graham before O'Toole was put on the Jennifer story. How long that decision took is not exactly clear from interviews at the *Post*, but the newspaper's thin first account of the sub project—quoting extensively from Jack Anderson and the L.A. *Times*—suggests that O'Toole had little time for independent checking before the story broke March 19.

Way ahead of its national news rival in reporting the story, *The New York Times* went through an elaborate process of memo-writing and meetings to arrive at a decision on what to do with what it had. On Feb. 27, a deputation from the *Times* went to visit Colby. It included Hersh, Washington bureau chief Clifton Daniel and Washington news editor Bill Kovach. Hersh already had gathered extensive information and reviewed it for Colby, who "corrected" some "errors." For reasons still unexplained, though, Colby continued to allow the *Times* to believe that it was a nuclear-powered submarine the CIA was hunting. The L.A. *Times* was being told, in a version later given out to other recipients of CIA briefings, that the sub was of an older, diesel-powered type.

Colby also delivered his by-now standard pitch about the possibilities of success in dredging up more intelligence in the summer of 1975. On the way back into Washington in Daniel's car, and later in memos to New York, Kovach and Hersh urged that the *Times* run Hersh's story. Daniel

argued that delaying the story was acceptable, according to persons with knowledge of the memos.

There was more intense discussion in New York. By one account, *Times* foreign editor James Greenfield argued once for printing Hersh's story, but left it to national news editor David Jones to pursue the case with Rosenthal, who became strongly committed to the notion that national security was involved and ought to be protected. Rosenthal told the L.A. *Times* later that he decided to withhold the story "because we were told this was an ongoing military operation and I believed the advantages of publishing it immediately did not outweigh the disadvantages of writing about a military operation of some importance."

According to *Times* editors, Rosenthal did continue to let Hersh report the story and try to convince him that Jennifer was not worth suppressing. At the same time, others tried daily to persuade Rosenthal that holding the story back was important for *The New York Times* not to do. Rosenthal did not change his mind, however, and Hersh became "livid," according to one good friend at the *Times*. He was overheard grumbling to himself about quitting, but he absolutely denies reports that he made a serious threat to leave the newspaper, and no one in any authority says he heard any ultimatum from Hersh.

By a piece of good timing to match its good reporting—and not, *Times* editors insist, because of participation in any counterconspiracy—Hersh was asked to write a new standby draft of his story just as Colby's containment plot was springing enormous leaks.

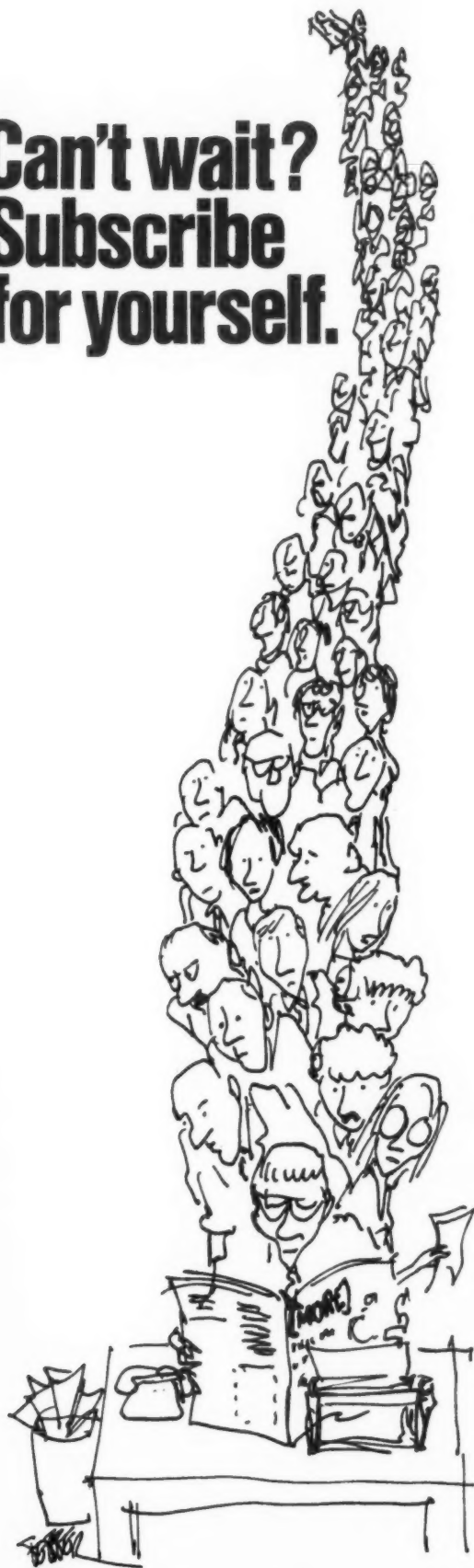
There was, in fact, a counterconspiracy afoot in Washington, and its most active participant was Charles Morgan Jr., national legislative director of the American Civil Liberties Union, who had been chasing tracks left by Hughes and the CIA ever since he began seeing them between the main sensations of the Watergate scandal. Morgan, a man with many friendships in the press, heard grouching from reporters who knew about Colby's high-level visits, and he spread the word liberally to all who would listen.

When Les Whitten came upon the story for the Jack Anderson column and called Colby, the CIA director phoned up Anderson and tried to lock him into the general embrace, citing the "good company" that Anderson would be joining. Anderson, to the considerable surprise of some, later said that he had acceded to CIA requests to suppress stories on more than one occasion in the past, but he said his policy was to do so only when, on checking with other sources, there was reason to believe that lives were at stake, and not the reputation of the CIA. In this case, he says, Navy sources convinced him that Project Jennifer was a boondoggle not worth the \$350 million being spent on it, that only the Soviet submarine's code equipment would be of any intelligence value, and then only for historical purposes.

Anderson says he would have gone with the story in any event, but acknowledges a factor in his timing was a vow from Morgan, disgusted by the press's cooperation with Colby, to investigate and publish the Jennifer and Jennifer-cover-up stories through ACLU channels. Anderson told Colby that he planned to expose the sub project on his March 18 Mutual radio broadcasts, and Colby apparently informed *The New York Times*, which that very day had set Hersh's story in type, and *The Washington Post* and L.A. *Times*, giving them all the go-ahead to publish.

What quickly became apparent were signif-

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icant differences in the stories printed by the newspapers and newsmagazines, all of which had received input from the CIA. There were differences in the numbers of Soviet seamen whose bodies were recovered in the 1974 raising of part of the submarine. Hersh's story said "more than 70," while the *L.A. Times* reported "less than 10" and *Newsweek*, "at least 10." Was that because the CIA wanted to create confusion about how much of the submarine it had actually recovered? Hersh's piece tended to emphasize the CIA's lack of success in recovering any codes or missiles in 1974, while the *L.A. Times* said that by bringing up part of the sub the agency had "learned military secrets with profound national security implications." Thomas said the primary secret was evidence that the Soviets had equipped old diesel submarines with Polaris-type missiles. Hersh had been led to believe that the submarine was nuclear powered.

Of all the discrepancies the greatest emerged when *The Washington Post* began trying to recover after a first day's trimming at the hands of the *N.Y. Times* and the *L.A. Times*. O'Toole's reports indicated that the 1974 attempt might have been far more successful than other accounts indicated, resulting in retrieval of nuclear-tipped torpedoes, which the *Post* said was regarded as "a major intelligence victory."

Were the upbeat *Post* stories fostered by sources intent upon counteracting Anderson's implications—initially picked up in Congress—that Jennifer was not worth the money spent on it? If so, other sources—indisputably inside the CIA—proceeded to knock the *Post* stories down, using *The Washington Star* as the vehicle. Although the CIA and the White House were resolutely denying official comment after the Jennifer story broke, briefings for selected reporters continued, including the *Star*'s Jeremiah O'Leary. At the same time, word was piped back to the *Post* that the CIA was not at all unhappy with the stories it was printing, and editors and reporters there are convinced that the CIA was putting out different accounts to different papers, but they do not know why.

Whatever was appearing on their news pages, the editorial columns of the principal newspapers in on the story were going positively head-over-heels about Jennifer, and in practically identical language. The *Post* said that the CIA was "performing its prime function brilliantly" in trying to recover submerged intelligence. The *N.Y. Times* said: "This really brilliant effort unfortunately fell short of full success, though it is still a major engineering feat that a substantial portion of the sunken Soviet submarine was brought to the surface." *The Washington Star* said that the project was "an extraordinary accomplishment . . . a tremendous feat" that should have been allowed to proceed in secrecy. The *L.A. Times*, most enthusiastic of all, declared that "the feat must rank with the greatest exploits in the history of espionage."

One of the ironies of the editorial reaction is that it was based substantially on CIA-provided information that was practically uncheckable. As Jack Nelson observed: "Almost everything was written without anyone's seeing a single document. Who knows if there was even a submarine down there?" Hersh, it should be noted, did show his editors evidence of having seen corroborative documents and they contend that he had extensive input from sources outside the CIA.

Jack Nelson's boss, William Thomas,

acknowledges that he did not see any documents, and he admits that the CIA might be fooling everyone, but he said that before and after each of his seven briefings, he went through intensive skull sessions with reporters working on the story in order to figure out questions that might stump the CIA. He said, though, "I never found anything that could trip them up. Also, the immense amount of technical detail, the graphic detail, the descriptive detail, led you to believe that the story was true, that you had no other grounds to go on."

Thomas presumably would withhold publication of the Jennifer story again if circumstances presented themselves in the same way. At the *Post*, Graham says that she is not apologizing for the decision she helped her managing editor make, but she added, "I think we ought to go over it again and review our decision. I think, in principal, there are secrets the government should keep, but it is up to the government to keep them. It's our obligation to tell people all we know, with very few exceptions, if any. . . . I'm not troubled by [the decision] because we did wrong. I am troubled by seven or so major news organizations keeping a secret that 4,000 people seem to have known about."

She is not the only one. Tom Wicker has pointed out that Colby had to work to put his fingers in the dike, and finally ran out of fingers. "Yet," Wicker wrote in his column in the *Times*, "all these major news organizations for a time took the same attitude The unanimity of the response seems to lend support to those who suggest that the press 'establishment,' if it is not really a conspiracy, is still so consistently of one general attitude that it is a monolith."

Not the least of the media's monolithic tendencies was in emphasizing the political and military aspects of Jennifer. As Alexander Cockburn and James Ridgeway pointed out in *The Village Voice* March 31, Howard Hughes has long been hankering after magnesium nodules at the bottom of the sea. Perhaps, they speculate, "the real 'cover' operation was the exact opposite of what people now think it was . . . a big shove to the ocean mining business and to the U.S. economy generally"—and, of course, a massive subsidy to Hughes. Whatever the merits of the Cockburn-Ridgeway hypothesis, the media monolith certainly appears to have been taken on another score. For years, most reporters have pursued Hughes as if he were some sort of sideshow freak, an eccentric billionaire hermit given to sockless feet in tennis shoes. How he was filling those shoes seems not to have interested the nation's editors very much. As the cozy relationship among Hughes, the CIA and the Nixon White House begins to emerge, it would seem long past time to rev up reportorial energy of the kind that was misspent on the Clifford Irving hoax.

The renegades in the Jennifer case fear that such energy may not be forthcoming in pursuit of either Hughes or the CIA. The A.C.L.U.'s Morgan and columnist Anderson see the press establishment reverting to the ways of the 1950s—pre-U-2, pre-Vietnam, pre-Watergate—when it was the custom to take the government at its word when it raised the specter of "national security." Anderson says he feels editors and publishers are spooked by the role they played in exposing the failures of Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon that forced them from the Presidency. *Timesman* Hersh is not so pessimistic. Of Jennifer, he says: "A lot of people get a chance to be good guys with the government again, el-cheapo. I don't think it will happen next time." We shall see. ■

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HOW TO BECOME A ROCK CRITIC IN EASY LESSONS

Isolating the Primary Facts

Just as college journalism students learn the comprehensive "Five-W" lead (who, what, when, where, why), the rock journalist must learn the multifaceted "Two-W, One-H" lead, which swiftly dispenses with at least one of the following crucial queries: Where were you when you received the record album? What were you doing when you received it? How many times have you listened to it? Here are some examples you would do well to emulate:

I first heard "Heart of Gold" when my friend Bill Berkson (whose neighbor Tom Clark wrote the picture/poem *Neil Young*) played me the *Live at Anaheim* bootleg, just after Ellen's baby was born, the day I left Bolinas.

—Paul Williams, *Soho Weekly News*

... I very nearly enjoyed my 30th through 138th hearings of this album's [*Kung Fu Fighting*] title track ...

—John Mendelsohn, *Rolling Stone*

When I received [*Luther's Blues* by Luther Allison], I was entering my house. When I saw the record, I grabbed it and hurried over to a friend of mine's apartment, to listen to it on their superior (to mine) sound system.

—Joel Diller, *SunRise*

... One night last summer I was lying in bed watching rock and roll on television. It was about two in the morning and I was trying to lull myself to sleep. On came the new Eric Burdon Band and I sat bolt upright. Eric was hot ...

—Stephen Davis, *Rolling Stone*

I loved her [Lorraine Ellison] previous album in 1969, and I liked this for a while in 1974, but the more I listen the more I noticed how much she shrieks, and when I play the previous album, it sounds more limited than I had remembered.

—Robert Christgau, *Creem*

I bought an Al Green album about two years ago, *Call Me*. I just heard he was good, and there was nothing else I wanted to buy at the time. I didn't play it very much. I don't think I played it at all.

—Georgia Christgau, *Creem*

*Since the successful rock critic often reviews the same band a number of times, the question "Where were you when you heard the group for the first time?" may be substituted.

Variety Through Colloquialism

Rock criticism that displays a sense of history is always popular. Many reviewers make sure to color their criticism with stylistic references to the early days of rock culture, flavoring their prose with a dramatic mixture of street slang and New Journalism. Originated by critic R. Meltzer, this type of review bears a particular hippie-to-hippie tone that is important in preventing outsiders from understanding it. Here, for example, is R. Meltzer demonstrating "Meltzer Prose" for *The Village Voice* in a review titled "Doodoo Plus Weewee Equals Haha":

In the spring '67 early ancient primordial days of the rock crit bandwagon as critters up at *Crawdad Magazine* always knew there was still one place to go after freebie feelers for any stuff in town had been summarily nipped in the bud: just take our asses over to the *Cafe au Go-Go* for the Mothers' nitely whasit and they always let us in without much complaint even tho we never reviewed em even a paragraph worth.

Other fine illustrations of "Meltzer Prose" include:

Okay, boys and girls—a lot of facts this time around ... And they're going to be coming at you fast, so sit up, pay attention, and ferchrissake try to look interested.

—Ian MacDonald, *Creem*

The Tough Will Inherit The Whole Tube. [John] Kay believes it for sure. Is some bad bizniz he's meanin in that tune what all with these clockwork wild boy-animals huntin down the Burroughs anarchic cataclimax. And this [Stephenwolf] ain't no bloose band either ...

—Bruce Malamut, *Crawdaddy*

TIME FOR SOME PUD PULLING! What else can you do at 10 in the morning? So if you're lucky there's a press release somewhere in with all the records, an 8½ x 11 piece of paper for you to whiz off on. You can always jack off onto the sheets but that way you can't save on the stains. Whereas with paper you can. In a month you can have a collection of twenty-five-plus cum-stained bios and itineraries in all the pastel colors of the rainbow including grey. So it sure must have been a shocker for all those reviewers to receive their Arthur Miller album without one shred of excess matter in the package: nothing but a record!

—R. Meltzer, *Fusion*

Emphasis Through Repetition

Often, an important point can be made most effectively by repeating certain key verbs and adjectives. In rock criticism, the culinary lexicon is a never-ending source of inspiration, enabling you to repeatedly stress the oral nature of rock and roll. Do not submit a review for publication without at least one conjugation of the infinitive "to cook," or several variations thereof (synonyms such as "to brew," "to sizzle," or "to smoke"). Types of food should be mentioned for added emphasis, particularly if you possess a singular knowledge of soul food. The following examples demonstrate skillful use of the culinary lexicon.

Hotter Than Hell cooks from start to finish with the boys in the band sounding tighter and more lethal than in the past.

—Ed Naha, *Rolling Stone*

Listen to the way they [Eric Burdon] cook on "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood."

—Barry Taylor, *Crawdaddy*

Rod Stewart may have been at his essential best ... with that high pressure cooking band, *The Faces* ...

—Jan Hodenfield, *New York Post*

The urgent, unsettling strings that bring on the end ... are usefully tart marinade for a genteel reading of Paul Anka's "You Won't Matter Any More."

—Fred Schruers, *Crawdaddy*

A heavy metal primer, the recording [Led Zeppelin] dishes up a dollop of sexuality.

—Henry Edwards, *New York Times*

After working the low tones into a mean, thick brew, he [Todd Rundgren] whipped it on the crowds.

Gordon Fletcher, *Circus Raves*

It took Steve Barri, ABC's resident AM hitmaker, to forge Kinky's [Friedman] crude bizarre worldview into a commercially palatable brew ...

—Larry Sloman, *Crawdaddy*

... Clifton [Chenier] is rice, liver, and pig blood stuffed in hot intestines and served with cheap red wine. Pure funk.

—Dave Helland, *Crawdaddy*

... Jack Bruce and Felix Pappalardi cooked up Cream while Erick [Clapton] still had BB's [King], Freddy's [King] and Albert's [King] chitlins in his back pocket.

—Crawdaddy

Creating a Vivid Scenario



Occasionally the setting of your story will overshadow the rock star about whom you are writing. When this occurs, you will most likely be on assignment in the state of California, covering an important rock concert, interviewing a rock personality on tour, or assessing a onetime rock star's attempt to make a comeback. As you write your review, remember that an exact and vivid word picture of the magnificent California geography will draw immediate reader response. For example:

The searing California sun turned a brighter orange as it set slowly behind the mountainous moustache of David Crosby. —Robert Smith, *Crawdaddy*

The Los Angeles sun shone brightly outside, and a storm cleared the air so thoroughly that Pete [Townshend] was astonished to see the city's surrounding mountains for the first time. . . . —Bruno Stein, *Creem*

A diamond mist sticks to my windshield as irrepressible night cat Tom Waits and I take off on a deserted Santa Monica Boulevard in my '69 Chevy. —Rich Wiseman, *Rolling Stone*

The rustic house on Round Valley Drive in the hills of the San Fernando Valley is in one of those pockets of geography that provides a uniquely Californian retreat for those who can afford one. . . . —Tom Nolan, *Rolling Stone*

On a recent trip to California (highlights of which included: attending a taping of the new Dinah Shore show, with special guest James Franciscus; driving 50 miles to Disneyland only to find upon arrival that Disneyland is closed on Tuesdays during the winter; seeing Joe Don Baker in the flesh at an all night restaurant; putting my hand in Wally Cox's pawprints at the snack stop during the Universal Studios tour; watching a solid week of Fractured Flickers reruns), I had the good sense to . . . —Billy Altway, *Creem*

L.A. is a great big freeway they say, pay a hundred down and buy a car, if you don't you won't get very far. Tooling down gaudy Sunset Boulevard on a typical smog-smeared Los Angeles afternoon, the cab driver is busily pointing out the sights to the first-time visitor whose New York cool is being steadily chipped away by the lethargic fantasy-world that calls itself a city. —Vernon Gibbs, *Crawdaddy*

Style With Punch



Many rock groups engage in such onstage activities as the smashing of guitars and amplifiers, and mock murders and mutilations. Hence, it is often difficult to avoid the subject of violence in a rock review. While piecing together your critical composition, you will undoubtedly discover that the musical emphasis on destruction has forced you to bend and twist your language to describe it. Be inventive and follow your impulses. Bear in mind that specially created hyphenated adjectives and military hyperbole add sparkle and punch to coverage of rock violence.

With twin guitars hammering out catchy mondo-distorto riffs and bass and drums amiably bringing up the rear, Kiss spews forth a deceptively controlled type of thunderous hysteria closely akin to the sound once popularized by the German panzer tank division. —Ed Naha, *Rolling Stone*

. . . King Crimson were full-blast electro-attack. —Bruce Malamut, *Crawdaddy*

Going through the violence riff for shick effect only, he [Marc Bolan] was careful not to let the macho-destructo routine get out of hand. —Steve Weitzman, *Zoo World*

Concocting a terribly English sound teeming with cocky vocals, nastier-than-thou guitar playing and almost too-lush-for-words arrangements, the group [Kiss] presents itself as being a hybrid of classic Yes, Queen, and middle-period Bowie. —Ed Naha, *Swank*

If you like meta-volume, para-intellectual rock, you will like [Blue Oyster Cult]. . . . The group, as butch and black leather as any band averaging 5'7" can be, proved that Zep punk-prole aggression . . . has been replaced with bleak amphetamine rage. . . . —Dave Hickey, *Zoo World*

When the Funkers [Grand Funk Railroad] are riding on that hot and heavy locomotive on stage it's like being in the middle of a musical nuclear explosion . . . Donnie Brewer starts slugging out his distinctive pulsating beat . . . Sandwiching guitar and skins with a heavy dose of . . . bass and [Craig Frost's nimble fingers on the keyboard, they [Grand Funk Railroad] amplify the mix loud enough to deafen laboratory test rats and produce the Grand Funk sound that's loved by fans around the globe." —Steve Gaines, *Circus Raves*

He [John Kay] was A-1 Nazi but not tuff. —Robot A. Hull, *Creem*

The Function of Voice



Readers of rock criticism like to know exactly who is reviewing their favorite musician. As a rock critic, you will have ample opportunity to let the reader know you. For example, during your career you will often find yourself inside the very hotel room of a particular rock personality. If mentioned in or near the beginning of the review, this interlude will subtly establish your credentials by implying that you may have actually watched Alice Cooper apply his mascara, snorted the cocaine of Iggy Pop or shared a bottle of Ripple with a famous blind blues singer. Here are some of the better "Hotel Room" leads:

Shifting his wooden leg on the Holiday Inn bed and reaching for his fifth of whiskey, Furry Lewis eyed the cans of beer in the plastic wastebasket that had been packed with ice and pressed into service as a cooler." —Walter Dawson, *Rolling Stone*

Lonnie Jordan is drunk and fucked up, weaving around the lobby of the St. Regis Hotel in Detroit, approximating the agility of a bull in heat. —Crawdaddy

Just another Holiday Inn Friday night in Harlingen, Texas. Downstairs in the El Cid Lounge, Dapper Bobby Deniso chinks his way through "Honey" on jaundiced Steinway keys as travel-numbered citrus buyers and Margarita-giddled steno queens evanesce in the dim. —Nick Tosches, *Creem*

We are sitting in a wind-whirled cold out here, poolside at the Holiday Inn in Belmont, a suburban town five minutes away from the Circle Star Theatre where [Al] Green is performing. —Ben Fong-Torres, *Rolling Stone*

Later, slumped in a hotel room, the decidedly un-foppish Britisher [Robin Trower] marvels over his newly acquired popularity. —Ed Naha, *Creem*

His [Gamble Rogers] life, as glimpsed in the stale shadows and rumpled sheets of a rented room, seems almost a cipher, a cruel caricature of the 20th-century American troubadour. You look around and see a battered guitar case, an old suede jacket, a toothbrush with the bristles chewed down, and you can't help wondering what makes a 37-year-old lonesome picker named Gamble Rogers go on. —Paul Hendrickson, *Rolling Stone*

Building a Vocabulary



The creative rock critic will want to pepper his or her reviews with words and phrases that demonstrate thorough knowledge of the rock world. Let the reader know, for example, if the subject of your review has "paid a lot of dues." Let the reader know if the music in question has "classical roots." (It is not necessary to name the source of the roots.) Mentioning the make of a guitar, as in "Fender Stratocaster" or "Chet Atkins Gretsch," lends resonance to any review. Refer at least once to the rock group as an "aggregate." If stumped for the appropriate word or phrase, the following rock and roll vocabulary should be helpful:

axeman (guitar player)

cerebrofunk (a nitty-gritty outpouring of soul with a mystical flavor)

chops (ability to play)

funk (a nitty-gritty outpouring of soul)

funky (full of funk)

gritty (funky)

intelligent raunch (any funky sound you would like to elevate)

lungsman (singer)

Muscle Shoals, Ala. (site of an important recording studio hallowed for its army of accomplished studio musicians)

rimshot (drumming on the side of the drums)

roadies (men who go on the road with rock groups to care for and carry their equipment and set it up on stage)

session cats (those who accompany the person or group during the recording session)

Southern fried funk (funk from below the Mason-Dixon line)

spacy, yet earthy (an otherwise indescribable sound)

subtle brilliance (for devoted fans only)

viscerally pleasing (you can dance to it)

zen funk (a nitty-gritty outpouring of soul with an Eastern flavor)

Fear On Trial at CBS

BY KARL E. MEYER

One should be wary of superlatives, but something unique is due to occur on CBS television this fall—a two-hour film about an instance of supine corporate behavior. The subject is hardly new. What makes the event unique is that the corporation is CBS itself.

In essence, the prime-time drama will record how CBS bowed to the blacklists at the tail end of the McCarthy era by firing a broadcaster named John Henry Faulk after he had been accused of pro-Communism by a vigilante outfit known as AWARE, Inc. This was in 1956, when Faulk, a folksy Texan, was host of a talk show on WCBS radio, the network's flagship station in New York. Faulk sued the blacklisters, retaining the formidable Louis Nizer as his lawyer. Six years later, when the case finally came to trial, a jury awarded Faulk \$3.5 million in damages, a record in any such case. But this landmark verdict, which helped put an end to blacklisting, came about with small thanks to CBS.

With the luminous exception of Edward R. Murrow, CBS executives either looked the other way or, in some instances, even lined up with Faulk's adversaries. Though CBS was not a party to the suit, the verdict clearly showed that the jury did not believe those CBS executives who testified that Faulk was dropped because of "poor ratings." Thus the forthcoming film, which will be based on Faulk's book, *Fear on Trial* (Simon and Schuster, 1963), has a rare sardonic fascination. Here is a great and powerful network, whose top brass were accomplices in the destruction of an employee's livelihood, turning its shame into prime-time drama a generation later, when the winds of opinion have changed. One hopes that the film finds time for this exchange in court between Nizer (who will be played by George C. Scott) and Charles Collingwood, a CBS colleague of Faulk's who steadfastly stuck by the plaintiff:

NIZER: What is the employment practice with respect to an artist who becomes involved in controversy with respect to his loyalty?

COLLINGWOOD: Well, it really depends, Mr. Nizer, on how much guts the sponsor has, the network, and the station, whether they have got the guts to stand up to the pressures which are brought against them, or whether they don't. The time of which we are speaking in most cases they didn't have very much guts.

There are two stories to tell: Faulk's own, and that of an independent Los Angeles producer, Alan Landsburg, who proposed *Fear on Trial* as a story vehicle to CBS. The two are intertwined, because Faulk's person and background have a central-casting ring for anyone seeking a lead actor in either a test case or a prime-time drama.

Born and bred in South Austin, Tex., Johnny Faulk is close to a twangin' Texas twin of Will Rogers; he was a student of folklore at the University of Texas, and, almost implausibly, has a younger sister named Texana. His upbringing was Methodist, his politics liberal Democratic, and his revered mentor on the Austin campus was the great Texas scholar J. Frank Dobie. "If I didn't have this red-white-and-blue background you can be god-dam sure nothing would have come of my case," Faulk says, adding, probably accurately, "If my name had been Goldberg and I had come from Brooklyn, I would have been out of a job and no test case at all."

Faulk came to New York in 1946, and joined WCBS in 1951, becoming in time the host of

Karl E. Meyer, author and contributing editor of [MORE], wrote his doctoral thesis on the origins of McCarthyism in Wisconsin.

Almost 20 years ago, CBS helped destroy John Henry Faulk's career by refusing to fight the McCarthyite blacklisters. Now the network will present a film dramatization of his travail. Only the names of the CBS executives will be changed.



John Henry Faulk today at the microphone of WRR, Dallas, where he has conducted a two-hour afternoon talk show in recent months. Below, actor William Devane (center) plays Faulk in scene with a friend (played by John Houseman). Lamont Johnson directs the action on location in Greenwich Village.

Fred W. McDermott

a daily one-hour talk show in which he spun yarns, commented on the news and reminisced genially about his Texas childhood. By every measure, he did well, and was in constant demand as a panelist, after-dinner speaker and entertainer (his many citations included one from the Daughters of the American Revolution).

Faulk also took an active part in the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists, or AFTRA, and the attack on him by blacklisters had its origin in the politics of this union. Like many liberals, Faulk was appalled in the early 1950s by the McCarthyite assault on the Bill of Rights led by committees like HUAC (the House Un-American Affairs Committee, now defunct). In every calling, loyalty-mongers were at work, and capitulation—

in fairness to CBS—was general. Universities, unions, newspapers all sacked employees who failed to "cooperate" with the inquisitors.

In 1953, an outfit called AWARE, Inc. was formed, in its own words, "to combat the Communist conspiracy in entertainment-communications," and its adherents tried to take control of AFTRA. Two years later, Faulk was elected to the AFTRA board as part of a slate opposing the AWARE faction within the union. In due course, an AWARE bulletin charged that Faulk was pro-Communist, this being a specimen of the seven allegations against him: "According to the *Daily Worker* of April 22, 1946, 'Jack Faulk' was to appear at Club 65, 13 Astor Place, N.Y.C.—a favorite site of pro-Communist affairs." (At the trial,

all the charges were shown to be tissues of mendacity.)

The charges against Faulk were concocted by a self-styled "professional consultant" on Communism named Vincent Hartnett, who charged fees of up to \$20 a name for "clearing" prospective employees on television. Working with Hartnett one of the more vermiform creatures of the McCarthy era—Laurence Johnson, a supermarket owner in Syracuse, N.Y. Johnson struck at the tender vitals of network broadcasting: the sponsors. With a vigilance that extended to the screening of child actors, AWARE would decide if anyone "disloyal" appeared on television, even in crowd scenes. If a suspect person did appear, Johnson would bombard sponsors with protest letters and boycott threats. Sponsors, advertising agencies, producers and networks all yielded to the demonic malice of AWARE.

Johnson went after the sponsors of Faulk's radio show, and when this happened, WCBS decided that Faulk was expendable. He was fired while on holiday, the pretext being that his ratings had somehow slipped and that Arthur Godfrey was pre-empting part of his show. Faulk was then 44, and for the next six years got no comparable employment on the air.

The whole story was fully developed during the six-week trial of Faulk's suit against Johnson and Hartnett in 1961—Roy Cohn, aptly enough, represented AWARE, though Cohn himself did not try the case. Faulk was fortunate that his attorney was Louis Nizer, who was so effective in shredding the AWARE defense that the jury awarded Faulk double the amount that Nizer had asked. (The \$3.5 million jury award was substantially reduced by an appeals court. In the end, Faulk settled for \$175,000 from the estate of Laurence Johnson, who died of a heart attack as the jury was deliberating. Hartnett's share of the judgment was lowered to \$500,000, including costs and interest, and he is still paying off.)

During Faulk's prolonged ordeal, the executives of CBS seemed more embarrassed by their employee's legal challenge of blacklisting than they were affronted by the blacklists (see box). The saving exception was Edward R. Murrow. When Faulk was fired in 1956, Murrow was a CBS board member and he wholly approved Faulk's decision to retain Nizer and sue AWARE. As Faulk recalled for [MORE], this is what happened:

"Ed came up with the notion that CBS should help me finance the suit. He said that he knew that most of his fellow board members detested AWARE and the business of blacklisting. He said that he would sound several of them out that night, and have an answer for me the next morning. The following morning I didn't even stop at my office on the ninth floor but went directly to Ed's on the fourteenth. I found him looking glum. His face creased into a wry smile, as though the joke was on him, as he told me, without mentioning to whom he had spoken, that he had guessed wrong about CBS wanting to be involved. At that moment his phone rang. His secretary announced the caller, and Ed spoke briefly on the phone. He hung up and turned to me with a broad smile. 'It's all set, Johnny, I got the money. It will be in Nizer's office tomorrow.' It turned out that he was taking it from his personal funds."

When Faulk protested that he could not accept so substantial a loan, Murrow replied that it was not a loan but an investment in this country. "They are good men, Johnny," Murrow said (charitably) of his fellow board members. "One day, after this is all over, they will probably understand that they had as great a stake in this battle as you have."

And there the story might rest, save for a

conversation last year between a filmmaker, Stanley Chase, and his boss, Alan Landsburg, who normally produces late-night mysteries and scientific documentaries for television. Chase said that a book he had always liked was Faulk's *Fear on Trial*. Landsburg read the book, and was impressed. "It's a craziness," Landsburg recalls. "I didn't know whether any network would touch it. But I was impressed by Johnny's point of view; he didn't tell it as a story with heroes and villains but as a story in which everyone lost. I decided, 'Okay, let's buy the rights.'"

Landsburg approached the astonished Faulk, and a deal was made. A preliminary script was written by David Rintel (who did the script for another film drama based on fact, *The Missiles of October*, broadcast on ABC last winter). The script went to Steve Mills, a CBS program executive for "specials" with offices in Los Angeles. According to Mills, "It was one of those things no one wanted to refuse." He felt it was a story that should be told, and that the script was so good that it needed only minor cosmetic changes. Mills makes it sound all

very smooth and asserts that there were "no problems" with higher-ups in New York. For his part, Landsburg was surprised at the quick approval, and subsequent lack of any sticky difficulties over the script.

What Landsburg found surprising others may find tantalizing. Corporations do not customarily indulge in voluntary public self-abasement; it took a lawsuit for Ralph Nader to extract an apology from General Motors. What mysterious reasons led CBS to approve prime-time exposure of its own capitulation to a squalid political racket?

That this will not be a "normal" television production is clearly shown by the singular nature of the cast in *Fear on Trial*, which is being shot under the direction of Lamont Johnson. The cast falls into three categories. First, there are professional actors playing real people—George C. Scott as Nizer and William Devane (who played President Kennedy in *The Missiles of October*) as Faulk. Next, there are real people being played by themselves. Two of Faulk's principal witnesses—pro-

(continued on page 22)

"They Would Never Lie"

In his book, Fear on Trial, John Henry Faulk shows Texas good nature in the excuses he makes for his former employers, CBS, after he challenged the blacklists who caused his firing at WCBS in 1956. But even Faulk's fair-mindedness had its limits. He tells of this meeting with his attorneys, Louis Nizer, George Berger and Paul Martinson:

Paul Martinson then brought up the matter of CBS and what its role in the lawsuit would be. Both Lou and Paul had serious misgivings about CBS and its declared neutrality in the case. They felt CBS, by its refusal to aid me in the past, had indicated that they would not in any way give me any aid in the actual trial.

"Just a minute," I said. "do you mean that CBS is not going to be on our side in this case?"

"They certainly haven't been on your side so far," Lou said.

"Yes, but now the chips are down," I protested. "CBS loathes AWARE and the defendants. They'll be glad to testify for us. They are not about to support the defendants. And it would be absurd to think so."

Lou explained patiently that I had better be prepared for some pretty grotesque absurdities in the coming days. He said CBS would do whatever it thought served its interest best.

"Yes," I said, "but both Sam Slate and Carl Ward [CBS executives] know exactly what happened, they know that Johnson attacked me, they know about the AWARE bulletin, they know all the problems that I had, and if we call them on the stand under oath, they would never lie. They would tell the truth."

"You'd be surprised how much they could forget on the witness stand. They just wouldn't remember," George Berger commented.

At the trial, to Faulk's surprise, both Slate and Ward appeared as subpoenaed witnesses for the blacklists. As Berger predicted, both professed not to remember crucial incidents concerning the AWARE attack on Faulk, and contended that poor ratings and other factors explained the CBS decision to fire Faulk. Faulk's account continues:

Another time, a CBS executive was in a position

to do our case a great service, but refused to do so, for no other reason than he preferred to be neutral in the case. Nizer courteously and patiently reasoned with him for nearly half an hour on the telephone; then, as the man remained adamant in his neutrality, Nizer's voice took on the deadly tone of outrage.

With cold precision, he said, "I do not understand your position. We have spent six years and many thousands of dollars to cleanse your industry of these racketeers. Faulk has placed his career on the line. And you smugly sit there cowering behind a nonpartisan position! You are neither a good citizen nor a good executive."

And he clapped the phone down.

As the trial date neared, Faulk and his attorneys found that the CBS lawyers seemed to be aiding the other side. As he describes it:

About five o'clock that afternoon, we got a call to come into Lou's office at once; an emergency had occurred. We went to find Lou sitting behind his desk and George Berger standing beside him, both looking grim.

George had just returned from CBS and reported that when he had gone to the legal department of CBS with the subpoena to get any records they might have of me, he had been told by the CBS lawyers in charge that Roy Cohn's office had come with a subpoena a couple of weeks before and had taken the records. One of the CBS lawyers then explained to George that they had turned over the original records and had no copies. George replied that this was unbelievable.

It was shocking enough that CBS was obviously cooperating with Cohn's office by making the records available to them, but it was unthinkable that they would give Cohn the originals and not even retain a copy of the records. In fact, George commented, a CBS lawyer told him that they did not even have a record of which documents had been turned over to Cohn.

I asked Lou what this meant. He was clearly angry. "It means, John, that someone at CBS is incredibly stupid, or that they are openly cooperating with Roy Cohn. I'm afraid it's the latter."

—K.E.M.



Notes on 'The Biggest Bankroll' Theory

BY JOSEPH RODDY

When the company publicists at CBS passed the word early in March that H.R. (Bob) Haldeman, the former White House chief of staff, was being interviewed at his home in Los Angeles and being paid for his answers, their press release was not given routine treatment. Many newspapers were so stirred by it that they called up their best moral outrage writers and had them get cracking on the evils of checkbook journalism—in television. Haldeman had walked out of court a few weeks earlier a convicted felon, with nothing but “no comments” for the reporter pack with its list of questions. His reason for that, it developed, was that long before he went on trial he had reached an agreement with the TV network that guaranteed him at least \$25,000 for every hour of air time its producers could fill with his answers.

No less a corporate eminence than James Reston, a director of *The New York Times*, did the inveighing against the evil for his firm. In a column headed “CBS and Haldeman,” Reston submitted that CBS was “introducing the unequal principle that news belongs to the outfit with the biggest bankroll.” It seemed to Reston that if the principle became practice the viewers might come to think of their elected leaders as paid performers, which is unthinkable, of course, especially now. It could even lead to competitiveness, or worse, to the cash nexus in a profession Reston must have always thought of up to then as Franciscan.

In reply Richard Salant, the president of CBS News, worked up a “Dear Scotty” letter thanking Reston for his interest—a trace deferentially, the way flush arrivistes address shrinking old money. He went on then with assurances that the Haldeman programs would be more like articles in *The New York Times Magazine* than like hard news in a daily paper. CBS policy, he pointed out, prohibits any payment to those it interviews for its hard news, but allows payments when an entire broadcast is built around a single figure “in the nature of an electronic memoir.” The two CBS

“If that old press lord Lenin had not assured us long back that any capitalist would sell the rope to hang himself, I am sure some reporter would have said it of his publisher or vice versa.”

electronic memoirists from telecasts past that then occurred to Salant in the heat of letter-writing were Dwight Eisenhower and Lyndon B. Johnson. As the power of association goes, that grouping gave Haldeman a modest upgrading that may impress his parole board later. Until then it may be of more interest to the cost-analysis and audience-count people at CBS, who are paid to learn whether felon memoirs are a better buy in constant dollars than the recollections in tranquillity of ex-Presidents. Salant closed with the customary asides about how he had made a very close call and may even have chosen wrong in this case. Everything had to be left a little loose. He still had the Squire Indigent of La Casa Pacifica to haggle with for his electronic memoir.

Much of the grumbling that followed the first \$25,000 worth of Haldeman on CBS might have been avoided if the viewers had been reminded when the program ended that what they had just seen was an electronic memoir. That information was kept from them, as well, at the start of the program. But even if the network seemed intent on raising no celebratory fuss about its coup, the viewers could not help but notice that a milestone was being passed somewhere out there, marking the very first electronic memoir on CBS with a convicted felon on appeal.

So the form is all ready for filling again as soon as the next load of content comes along. To spread the word that corporate policy attested to his probity, Salant pressed a copy of his reply on anyone who mentioned Reston's complaint—the way the State Department had a White Paper ready for any mush-head who questioned its Vietnam policy. But just being right was not enough for Salant. He wanted it well known that he had driven a hard bargain for the stockholders, too. Salant wanted it known that in addition to locking up Haldeman's thoughts, he had landed first rights to the film the felon had shot around the White House when he was not subverting the commonweal. An added factor that tipped Salant's decision to pay was the anticipatory pain he felt for the intrusions his workers would make on the felon's remaining free time.

That turned out to be six hours and a half under the hot lights with Mike Wallace after 44 spent tinkering to give the recollections whatever precision a perjurer can manage. (Wallace: “Would you acknowledge that the Nixon White House got involved in the arrogance of power?” Haldeman: “No.”) So it was 50 hours and a half of that sort of work for a fee of at least \$50,000. And that stands now as the going hourly extraction rate any felons from around Attica, say, with electronic memoirs to sell CBS will expect their agents to start the dickering at.

For Salant, the 50½-hour stand seemed about the time it would take Haldeman to tap out a similar memoir as a magazine piece. “Surely,” he wrote Reston, “*The New York Times Magazine* would pay Haldeman for an article about his White House years.” And surely it would if the editors asked Haldeman to write it (as they have the ex-President), or if it came in unsolicited over the transom and was the best account from a concealed position since Dostoevsky's *Notes from the Underground*. And then he might be paid more than the ordinary working stiff's \$850 for his work mostly because of its alluring by-line. If Haldeman had some snaps to go with the piece showing, say, the commander in chief and his late top cop slapping each other's thighs over some files, then

Joseph Roddy, a [MORE] contributing editor, was a writer and editor at *Life* and *Look* from 1948 to 1971.

the price might be run up to as much as one twenty-fifth of the CBS fee.

Both in Reston's column before the first program and in an editorial after it taunting CBS for getting so little for its money, the *Times* neglected to remind its readers that it is an old checkbook journalism customer itself. When Charles Lindbergh first flew east over the Atlantic, he was under contract to tell all he had to say about the trip first to the *Times*. Before that, the paper had bought up the story rights to Adm. Robert Perry's expedition to the North Pole, although the explorer was technically on leave from the paper for the trip. In 1959, *Life* magazine pushed checkbook journalism into new dimensions when it signed contracts to divide a million dollars among seven astronauts who were, of course, full-time government employees at the time. For its money, the magazine had first claim on all thoughts about space travel any of the flyers could articulate and the editors could print. The *Times* had its editorial writers deplore *Life's* lock on all possible eyewitnesses to that story, as well as their profitings in the private sector while they were still on the public dole. Ten years later the *Times* paid *Life* for subsidiary rights to another set of astronaut memoirs when the double recompense for the authors troubled the paper less. *Life*, which recovered more than its million by selling subsidiary rights before the first lift-off, was selling very well then. It was, after all, the only publication the taxpayers could consult at a price to learn what they were getting for the 10 billion they ponied up for the space program. Some cranks, some of them publishers believing at birth in the Reston "biggest bankroll" theory of news ownership, now wanted the case for one magazine's monopoly explained to them by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Its Federal flack, Julian Scheer, told *The Wall Street Journal* that *Life's* contract was not well received in all quarters. "Theoretically, an astronaut can refuse to answer a personal question from the press because *Life* has rights to such things," Scheer said. "But I don't recall that happening."

Very few reporters tried to make it happen, according to Don Schanche. He was the *Life* editor in Washington who bought up the astronauts after he cleared the sale with President Eisenhower's aide, General Andrew Goodpaster, and Schanche still wonders whether Goodpaster ever cleared it with Ike. Schanche went from *Life* to *The Saturday Evening Post* where he bought up the Fisher quintuplets and their parents in Aberdeen, S.D., all seven for \$75,000, most of them with nothing to say. *Esquire* paid \$30,000 to John Sack who had agreed before he collected it to pass half the fee to Lieut. William Calley for the legal help Sack wanted him to have against those who thought the case undefendable. The lieutenant's "waste 'em," one of the utterances sure to give this era its lasting renown, was directed at Pfc. Paul Meadlo, who was brought to further public notice in the summer of 1970 by Seymour Hersh when he was the entire reporting staff of the Dispatch News Service. Hersh, now at *The New York Times*, told Joe Eszterhas in the April 10 *Rolling Stone* that CBS was all over him then to deliver Meadlo to its Nightly News.

Hersh did, for what Bill Leonard, a vice president at CBS News, calls a finder's fee, the talent found being the fast worker with the trigger who wasted 70 Vietnamese on the first clip. Leonard's recollection is different only in that he thinks Hersh was all over CBS offering a property for sale, one the network wanted. ABC passed over Meadlo then, but it bought Calley for its "A.M. America" show recently, where the contracting was not handled by ABC's news division (which, like CBS's, does not pay for interviews) but by the network's entertainment buyers. They could see a well-promoted Calley pulling a big breakfast audience for their new show. Years earlier, NBC paid \$4,000 for the first apology out of Baldur von Schirach, the Hitler youth leader, fresh from his

war-crimes jail term in Spandau. When the interview was aired, CBS keened over its competitor's ethics, though earlier it had joined in the bidding while von Schirach weighed the offers. Their counterbidding for TV news became more open after that. North Vietnamese film of U.S. war prisoners in their cells, and of U.S. bombers over Hanoi, was processed in Tokyo by the Communist news agency DENPA, then screened in one viewing room for the buyers from the three U.S. networks, and sold to the most forthcoming of them.

Years back, I got into checkbook journalism myself at the ideational heights when I was a writer in *Life's* entertainment department and Elvis Presley was being discharged from the U.S. Army in Germany. Our readers were thought to be panting to learn about his plans for rededicating himself to his art. The celebrated crotch's manager, a freebooter introducing himself as Colonel Parker, told *Life's* correspondent in Bonn that because his boy's time was money, he could reserve some of it for the big mag in New York only for a suitable performing fee. *Life's* man on the scene in Germany, and the management on the floor above me in New York, negotiated a two-way satisfaction whose specifics were never mentioned in my presence. I felt that the big people I worked with probably wanted to keep me editorially undefiled, or at least armed with what came to be known later as deniability. I have no way of being sure that the Presley case was a ground breaker for *Life*, but sequels just as edifying are all over the prints now. The last one I have learned of is Johnny Carson, who collected \$25,000 from the *Chicago Tribune* for answering questions in his hotel room just the way Haldeman did on TV.

So the self-selling out of the press has been getting on nicely, and if that prickly old press lord Nikolai Lenin had not assured us long back that any capitalist would sell the rope to have himself hung, I am sure some reporter would have said it of his publisher or vice versa. One of the mixed benefits of the cultural exchange is that it has provided the Soviets with close access to some U.S.

breakthroughs at venality, and the worst of them are then quickly adopted for use on American journalists on assignment around Moscow.

When I spent two months there in the spring of 1967 working with others from the *Look* staff on a special issue for the 50th anniversary of the October Revolution, I was provided with the services of a splendid guide, translator, fixer and friend who was on the staff of the Soviet press agency, Novosti. She arranged for me to meet what I regarded as a distinguished line of moderate to obstreperous Soviet dissidents. Sometimes she went with me on the visits, and sometimes she did not, but the fixing was hers every time and for all those good hours and vodkas with the poets Andrei Voznesensky and Bella Akhmadulina, the screen writer Yuri Nagibin, the composer Andrei Volkonsky, the sculptor Ernst Niezvestny and the cellist Mstislav Rostropovich, I am in her debt. I was beset with warm feelings at the time about how my journalistic wile had got me to all those troublemakers the correspondents based full-time in Moscow never wrote about. In really delusive spells I thought perhaps my personal allure had a lot to do with it. Back in New York I savored those satisfactions until *Look* got a bill for \$10,000 and change for giving me and the others working there at the time our access to those dissidents, our celebrities. The reciprocity I'd like would be for the Jesuits to bill Tass when Dan Berrigan talks.

The writer William Bradford Huie was paid munificently by *Look* for his access to the lawyers handling James Earl Ray, accused of killing Martin Luther King Jr. The money went from Huie to the lawyers in the traditional pocket-some-and-pass-the-rest-along spirit that keeps our economy loose, and in that wondrous way *Look* financed Ray's defense that got him convicted. Robert Blair Kaiser, once *Time* magazine's highly inside correspondent at the Vatican Council, turned out to be equally inside the Los Angeles jail holding Sirhan Sirhan, Robert Kennedy's convicted but still confounding assassin. Kaiser had made fee-sharing contracts with the assassin's lawyers, and in the publishing marts that worked out to mean that E.P. Dutton and the *Ladies Home Journal*



H.R. Haldeman, left, and Mike Wallace, during a break in the filming of "60 Minutes" at Haldeman's Los Angeles home.

CBS

Have You Ever Paid For a Story?

Have you ever paid a news source? What would you do if you were put in indirect touch with a source you were satisfied could supply you with the names you would need to connect the CIA to the assassination of John F. Kennedy, but who demanded a high price for the information? [MORE] put these two questions to several veteran reporters. Their answers, in some cases edited for space reasons, follow:

Selwyn Raab

Investigative reporter, *The New York Times*

No, never.

No. For the simple reason that the seller's soul is tarnished. If he has material like that and is only willing to release it for profit, I would not trust his ethics or his reliability—they go together. The problem is why is this person giving you this information? Who else is he selling to? . . . Bad journalism.

Richard Reeves

Political writer, *New York magazine*

No. Once, while working for the *Herald Tribune* in 1966, I was authorized to pay \$50 a roll for pictures any passengers had taken on the Michaelangelo, which had been hit in the mid-Atlantic by a huge wave. But *Life* magazine was paying \$1,000 a roll and, in fact, got the only picture.

I resist using money. If I were that close to the story, I must have some leverage. So much of the business is pressuring, conning people. On the other hand, the real question is what would I do if I were working for someone and they were willing to put up the money. I wouldn't want any part of it. But if I had to quit or let them do it, I'd look the other way. I'm not that noble. I'd love to say "never," but there are circumstances where, yes . . .

I.F. Stone

Washington journalist

No.

I think it's a silly question. It assumes a link between the CIA and the assassination. It simply feeds the paranoia of those who believe such stuff. If anyone ever called me with such an offer, I'd assume the guy was a nut.

Bob Greene

Investigative reporter and editor, *Newsday*

Never in this country, but once in Turkey. In Turkey, bribing is standard procedure. We paid \$5,000 to a chemist in the heroin traffic. It took us a month and a half to find and woo the guy. He gave us the names of about every major operator in Turkey. It took us 4½ months to verify the information. It was included in a series that *Newsday* ran in 1973 and that won the Pulitzer Gold Medal in 1974.

First of all, I would want to see some of the goods. Then I would want to see that some way existed to independently verify the information being offered. Then I would perform the traditional class copout: I would go back to my newspaper and show them all the evidence and ask them if they wanted to pay for it . . . For my part, I don't like to pay money. It has nothing to do with the money; it has to do with how it looks on the witness stand if the matter winds up in court.

Daniel Schorr

Correspondent, CBS News

No. I have never paid a news source.

If I believed the information was authentic, I would go to a CBS executive and tell him we'd been offered this for that. If they ordered me to pay, I would do it. If they asked for my recommendation, I would say no. Once you get into the business of paying, it's never-ending . . . I have never been faced with such a decision, and I hope I never will be.

Les Whitten

Associate of Jack Anderson

Once, long before I joined Jack, I paid \$50 to a man as a consultant on a welfare fraud story. I did so at the request of my employer, but I felt uneasy about it.

No. I would do everything I could to get him to give me the story without the money. But if the chips were down, I wouldn't pay him. I'm too old to screw around with that kind of stuff. I believe I could talk him into dealing with me free.

Jack Nelson

Washington bureau chief, *The Los Angeles Times*

Yes, once. In Meridian, Miss., in 1968. There had been a series of 17 unsolved bombings in Mississippi. The targets were mostly black, but two synagogues and a rabbi's house had been hit, too. The Mississippi Jewish Community and the Anti-Defamation League went to the FBI, which said it needed money to pay informants. So \$78,500 was raised and paid to two informants who helped break the case. A Meridian detective was the chief negotiator, and he wanted something out of it, too. He had the daily logs of the informants, and the *Times* authorized me to pay \$1,000 for them. Ultimately, the detective sent the check back because of pressure from the FBI.

I'd be inclined to get together with the editors to see if we could work out something. It would be a matter of such overriding importance that I think it would be worth paying for the information.

Jerry Landauer

Investigative reporter, *The Wall Street Journal*

No. Absolutely not.

No, I would not pay for news, period. If something is legitimately in the public domain, the good guys will get it. The problem with paying for news is conflict of interest. The source is tempted to tell you stuff that is not true because he has a vested interest. He may exaggerate or embellish . . . Besides, I can't imagine the *Journal* ever agreeing to pay a source.

Jack Newfield

Investigative reporter, *The Village Voice*

No.

I would probably go to someone I trusted in law enforcement and get "buy" money and then set the source up with a concealed microphone. I would help try and catch the guy by working with law enforcement people. I would not write the story if I thought the information was solid and that a story would tip off the CIA. The way things work, if anyone wrote the story the guys who talked would be killed.

financed the defense that failed for Sirhan. Well, someone had to, and it might as well have been the commerce that fattened most off the crime.

At *Look* I had ghostwritten articles a few times for distinguished sorts who were paid about ten times my weekly wage for whatever coherence I could give the thoughts they imparted to me in a few hours. Bing Crosby and Averell Harriman are two who come to mind easily. And when I glance back at the products it is even more evident to me now than it was then that *Look* was rooked by all three of us, but egregiously by the other two. The publisher was finding the mag game too costly to go on with about then and withdrew altogether when the big postal increases impended.

But *Look* went out with its sins showing. There was the White House and its greenswards full front on the cover of the Oct. 19, 1971 issue and the biggest article inside—on special stock paper to give it weight—was Allen Drury's now supremely hilarious account of the tiny scrapings and contentings around the edges of the Oval Office that helped point up its majestic integrity. That last *Look* reached the newsstands on Oct. 5, or just when Charles Colson had Howard Hunt manufacturing the cables to implicate John Kennedy in the murder of Ngo Dinh Diem. All the cables in the archives had Kennedy getting Diem out of office and delivered to another country, but that was not enough for Nixon's needs. To fill them, the White House flashed Hunt's creative work before Bill Lambert, that year's investigative reporter at *Life*. Lambert had the wit after months of checking around to learn that for his friendship with Colson he had been chosen to abet a fraud. With that settled, Lambert abandoned the Diem-Kennedy story altogether without rushing into print with the even better one on how he had been set up for it. "I trusted Colson," he says now. "I didn't think he would stiff me." Lambert was dropping into his White House office those days, just running his vacuum cleaner around as they say in that line of work, while Colson would practice trampling on his grandmother. "I was cultivating a source," Lambert still claims. "I didn't care who gave news to me. I'd take it from the devil himself."

Lambert owed Colson a little forbearance then because the Administration's ax man had helped *Life's* gather the now discredited bad news on Joseph Tydings, the Maryland Senator who needed retributive care then for his misdeeds against the G.O.P. Just a little consideration shown a cultivated source, of course, nothing else. For the working journalist, that is directly convertible into wage raises, job security, ascent up the greasy pole, etc.; i.e., into cash. The right kind of camaraderie is as negotiable with publishers as the extra pair of good tickets the club owners bestow on tame sportswriters who pass them along as legal tender to their butchers, bar tenders and pants pressers. The headier-type wretches are compensated for their fealty in 63 other ways, from invitations to the first performance of the F.B.I. tapes of Martin Luther King Jr. being bugged, to White House dinners on the second floor with the First Lady and the First Kids. Ben Bradlee, *Newsweek's* big eye and ear in Camelot, was up there regularly squirreling away nuggets that never reached the copy desk.

One of the fundamental variations on the checkbook journalism theme, of course, is that the payment goes to the journalist first for services collected later. Sometimes it is for writing just right, and the rest of the time for holding back horrors, or just the stuff of memoirs. In the variation on that variation, the source turns vendor and writes his book or has it written for him, or he rides the lecture circuit and reads the speech he had some writer run up for him. That happens because the writer's dodge shares a key flaw with

the fashion model's line of work in that both are occupations the otherwise unemployed can profess when they don't want to admit they're unemployed. Writing as the fashionable refuge for the publicly disgraced is the vogue now. It's the fallback position for the damned who seem to get redeemed in it, by God, quite often. Just about all the disbarred Watergate lawyers, each with his offensive remorse or casuist's defense, are big-advance writers now. Reporters with no break-ins of their own to recount feel dislodged by the crooks from the book lists and magazine racks.

It is time to reconsider many things. One of them being the case of that peach of a fund raiser and plea-bargainer, the Honorable Maurice Stans who was our Secretary of Commerce before he was driven from his generous public service by our Manichean hordes. Stans has been moving between the separate orders of reality ever since. He walked into Federal Court in Washington a few weeks back and pleaded guilty to five counts of misdemeanor, and then he told the press waiting on the courthouse steps that he wasn't guilty of them. That marked him as a man for our time. All Stans did to misdeemean, I have come to see, was rearrange the re-election campaign's petty cash so that his friend Herbert Kalmbach could pay \$44,000 of it for the complete world rights in perpetuity to the memoirs of five clowns who were in the breaking and entering business in the national interest. Stans and Kalmbach just wanted literary properties when the press-fed hordes were thinking of the payments as hush money. If it was hush money, I think it will keep them off CBS. But public television may have a claim.

Not a solid one, of course, but nothing's solid and the center gave up holding long before the good Dr. Yeats foresaw its collapse. This may be where we stand in the rubble: no one in public service need feel compelled to give the press anything that can be sold to it. The slugs in private life never had any obligation to talk to the press. The overachievers with their constantly ticking meters fitted to deep beliefs that time is money for them, can hardly lead blind men across intersections without billing them on the other side. They will talk to the press if it pays, and money is only one among many forms of payment. One is hushed by it. Another blabs for it. The cities are filling with pay toilets. Shelters for the senile make the devout rich.

Reporters I've talked to say they would never pay for news and never pay for love. Which all of them who are lovable are wrong about, a wisdom they can ease into by taking time out from source-cultivating for introspection. Lovable John Kennedy didn't charge lovable Ben Bradlee, now *The Washington Post's* executive editor, for those full disclosures at his intimate dinners. But the guest paid for them by holding back stories that would have made livelier reading in *Newsweek* than than in *Playboy* now.

When engulfed by such slitheriness, what can we do, so many of us, but look to the sainted William F. Buckley for enlightenment and moral tone and all that moonshine. "Secundum estimationem fori," he advised his readers in the *New York Post* when he wrestled with his John Dean problem. "It was way back in the Middle Ages they settled on this as the fair price: What can you fetch according to the reckoning of the market place." So we will have at least Bishop Bill, Colonel Parker and President Salant to go up against when the G.A.O. wants to start selling tickets of admission to reporters who want answers at White House news conferences. ■

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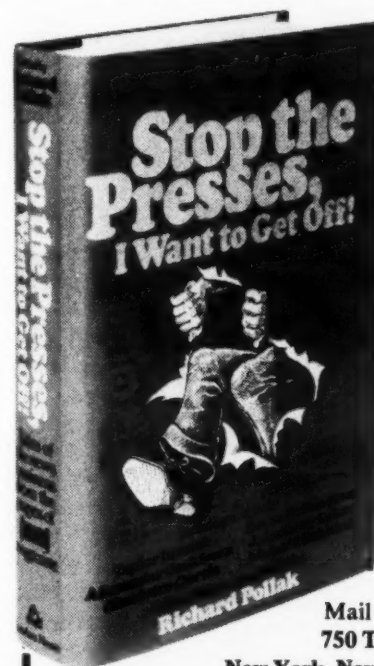
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3

Fear On Trial at CBS

(continued from page 17)

ducers David Susskind and Mark Goodson—will repeat their verbatim testimony of the film. In one intriguing further instance, a key figure, presiding judge Abraham Geller, will be played by his son Bruce, the producer, it chances, of "Mission Impossible" and "Mannix."

But there is a shadowy third category: real people who will turn up on the show under fictitious names. Conspicuous in this category are two CBS executives, Carl Ward and Sam Slate. At the time of Faulk's firing, Ward was general manager of station WCBS and Slate was program director and Faulk's direct superior. Faulk had thought of them as allies, and was bitterly incredulous when they later appeared at his trial as subpoenaed witnesses for the blacklists, testifying in substance that Faulk was dismissed for reasons unrelated to politics such as "poor ratings." Both will appear in *Fear on Trial* with fictitious names.

Why? According to Landsburg, "because of the legalisms involved." But one can surmise that this retouching of the record involves more than legal fastidiousness. Slate is no longer with the network, but Carl Ward is still very much around, as a CBS vice president. When asked about the forthcoming program, Ward said that, of course, he knew about it, and that it was all very normal, that everything had been handled in the routine way by the special programming division. Other

than that, he said, "I have no knowledge of the details of the program, there's no reason why I should have." His response suggests that today as in the past Ward is the exemplar of the loyal employee—and that CBS is not about to embarrass him for carrying out orders.

Whose orders? On this question Faulk's book is disappointing. The name Frank Stanton appears nowhere in his pages, though the liberal-sounding Stanton was CBS president during the blacklist days. Faulk says he has no personal knowledge of what part Stanton played in his dismissal, though there was an unrelated dispute between the

two just before the firing.

What is a matter of record is that the entire blacklisting scandal was possible because there were few with Ed Murrow's courage in network boardrooms. The true locus of corporate cowardice was at the top, and the most shaming spectacle of the McCarthy era was the surrender of the powerful and affluent to political thugs. All too often, the fight for principle was made by those with more spunk than financial resources—people like John Henry Faulk. If this point comes through clearly in *Fear on Trial*, then the film indeed may be unique. ■

Global Bonanza

(continued from page 8)

pany then organized these stations into the Central American Television Network, to which it offered three important services: program buying, sales representation and networking. The plan called for each station to relinquish its prime-time evening viewing hours to ABC, which, in turn, would supply it with "free" programming sponsored by American companies operating in the Central American market. In this way, ABC sold such programs as "Batman," "The Flintstones" and "My Little Margie" to an advertiser and then placed them alongside designated commercials in any of the countries the sponsor wanted them to appear.

The scheme proved enormously profitable. According to the U.S. Department of Commerce, scores of U.S. corporations flocked to Central America to take advantage of these new market opportunities. By 1963, ABC had signed on 31 U.S. multinational corporations as advertisers, which, in the words of a company brochure, then reached an

audience "with upwards of \$136 billion in disposable income." Throughout the sixties, ABC added stations and advertisers to its Worldvision network. By the end of the decade, the network comprised 68 stations operating in 27 countries.

Today, America's television culture is firmly entrenched as a global salesman for more than 200 multinational U.S. firms that do \$200 billion a year in business overseas. ABC's satellite coverage of the 1972 Olympic Games in Munich was watched by an estimated one billion people in 100 countries—more than one-fourth of the world's population. Coca-Cola, International Harvester, Sears Roebuck, Schlitz, Prudential Life Insurance, among other companies, paid ABC nearly \$20 million to beam their advertising messages to a waiting world. Back in the sixties, Marshall McLuhan enthusiastically predicted the arrival of this "global village." More accurately, it seems to have become a global Ponderosa. ■

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Furthermore

(continued from page 27)

sponsoring events. (The L.A. Times sponsors a track meet, an auto race and a football game which are given greater coverage, according to Shaw, than similar nonsponsored events, raising the specter of conflict of interest.) Many sportswriters start out as fans, true, but many others, faced with the Chamber of Commerce enthusiasm of publishers and editors, must choose between becoming boosters or becoming unemployed. Kiseda left the Philadelphia Bulletin in 1970 with help from a managing editor who considered Kiseda's basketball coverage—regarded as first-rate by colleagues—too negative and cynical.

Second, given that rare sports department that is neither joint nor gland but a respected unit of the news machine, exactly how does it go about covering entertainment without being a side-show barker? Even those diatribes against the glorification of violence in pro football end up selling tickets to the game.

These days, the subtitle to "Whither Sports-writing?" is "Hard News vs. Sociology," as if all the problems of the modern sports department can be solved with a recipe: so many inches of decimal points and locker-room gossip and gambling tips marinated in so much relevance (drugs, sex, racism, class struggle) and served beneath a photograph of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar observing Ramadan.

It just won't work. There is no possible compromise between the fake journalism that covers scheduled athletic contests as if they were straight

news events, and the fake journalism that covers them as symbolic incidents in patterns of culture. A baseball game may be a pleasure or a bore, but it is not necessarily news, like a fire, nor is it an example of the durable purity of American Democracy. A baseball game is a staged entertainment, and baseball players are paid performers.

And sportswriters are professional newsmen. Newsworthy things happen at sports events, and there are valid sociological implications to be found there, but if games are to be regularly covered at all, they should probably be treated as consumer products judged on value given; poor sightlines, bad hot dogs, unsafe restrooms, a centerfielder who dogs it, an owner who lies, a commissioner lobbying for special privileges are sportstyle rip-offs the best sportswriters have told us about.

Perhaps the traditional boundaries between the sports departments and Outside have to be removed, or at least made more flexible. Results can be reported by statisticians, but covering sports-related news, involving law, medicine, engineering, often requires advice from specialists outside the press box.

Unlike the reader of a front-page story, the sports-page reader has probably seen the event and certainly has a strong and sophisticated opinion about it. Managing editors may make a distinction between a sports story and a "real" story, but readers do not, and the judgments they make on sportswriting are judgments they make on journalism. ■

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THE BIG APPLE

DAILY NEWS

WWD

WCBS NEWSRAD 88

THE NEW YORKER

7

The New Society

In recent months, nearly 300,000 letters have gone out announcing in neat, navy type the formation of the National Society of Literature and the Arts, a new Washington, D.C.-based organization with such board members as Agnes de Mille, Richard Rodgers, R. Buckminster Fuller, Andrew Wyeth and Norman Cousins. Over the signature of James Michener, the invitation to membership describes the Society as a gathering of professionals of "standing" whose common concern is to "enhance the condition of the arts in America." The letter continues:

To implement our efforts, we have joined forces with the *Saturday Review*, which will be the publishing spokesman for the Society, and will provide a special Newsletter for NSLA members.

Among Society programs listed in the mailing are seminars and conferences for members and artists, and college and school arts programs. Among the advantages of a \$14 membership: book discounts, special rates on group travel tours and a yearly subscription to *Saturday Review*.

The idea of creating the Society, says *SR* editor Norman Cousins proudly, "is mine alone." For years, Cousins says, he has been looking for a "natural home" for *SR* (circ: 500,000) in a Society such as the Na-



Norman Cousins

Michael Abramson

tional Geographic or the Smithsonian. Then, he said, he noted the neglect of the arts by the media, and "things came together." Cousins says he will finance the Society by taking at least \$2 from Society membership dues—the remainder will go to defray *SR* costs—and about \$2 from magazine subscription renewals. (*Saturday Review's* \$2 subscription renewal hike, effective April 1, was set at least six months ago, according to *SR*, and will not be used to cover Society expenses.) Within a few years, Cousins anticipates a \$500,000 budget for Society projects.

As the Society launched its first project, an "Artsletter" in the April 5 *Saturday Review*, some board

members seemed taken by surprise. "Never heard that," said Walter Kerr when told that *SR* would act as the Society's publishing arm. Kerr said he remembered being told something about "a fine exchange of ideas." Agnes de Mille said Cousins and others from the magazine had described the Society as "a sort of clearinghouse." "They were very vague, I must say, but it sounded harmless," she said. "Is [the Society] in Texas?" she asked.

In a recent progress report, Cousins said the Society will not seek tax-exemption ("That would seem as though we were trying to... create a dummy organization"). New York's Lotos Club has been selected as the Society's social headquarters, and Roland Gelatt, former international editor at *Saturday Review*, will coordinate Society affairs.

The *SR*-Society tie-in might strike some as a gimmick for subscription acquisitions. But Cousins says this is untrue. "Talk of a circulation drop is ridiculous," he said. "We have no arrears problem."

Maybe not, but people analyzing the ABC statement for the six months ending Dec. 31 find it difficult to overlook *SR's* 56,233 subscriptions carried in arrears.

—HOPE SPENCER

Last Analysis

Immodest front page headlines in the *New York Post* (March 19) and the *Daily News* (March 20) announced that Dr. Renatus Hartogs, whom the *Post* said was the first psychiatrist to be sued for malpractice "solely on grounds of having sex with a patient," would have to pay Julie Roy \$350,000 in damages. Roy had charged that during 14 months of therapy in 1969 and 1970 Hartogs had induced her to have sex with him, mostly on his office couch—resulting in her mental deterioration and eventual hospitalization.

The *Post* covered the case exhaustively beginning March 7. The *News* didn't get to court until March 12, but made up time with more photos, grabber headlines (THREE TELL OF EARTHY DOINGS IN DOC'S DIGS) and juicier leads (Julie Roy testified yesterday that she once had sex with him three times in one day). *Times* coverage was relegated to one eight-paragraph story which ran beneath the fold of the split page on March 20, the day after the nine-day trial ended.

In his March 21 *Post* column, James Wechsler chided the *Times* for its blackout and said he had called *Times* managing editor A. M. Rosenthal to inquire about it. During their conversation, Wechsler observed that the Hartogs case had



Renatus Hartogs

Wide World

dominated conversation at "most recent dinner parties I had attended." "Maybe we go to different dinner parties," Rosenthal said. Wechsler, who contended that the case set psychiatric and legal precedents, concluded in his column that the *Times* risked giving historians "an incomplete view of our so-called civiliza-

tion because of its inhibitions about covering... 'human interest' stories."

Times metropolitan editor Arthur Gelb says that judging by his mail, the paper's readership did not feel as deprived as Wechsler painted them. Rather, he says, they agreed with Gelb's view that Hartogs' travails were "a borderline news story, competing for space during a rough week. I thought it was more important to cover the Attica trial and the Fort Lee corruption trial." Gelb, who didn't think the Hartogs case was unique, said the *Times* ran its one story when the trial became interesting—"it was the first time a psychiatrist lost."

The *Post* and *News* accounts were followed avidly at *Esquire*—where Roy worked during her affair with Hartogs—and nervously at *Cosmopolitan*, for which Hartogs has been writing an advice column, unluckily titled "Analyst's Couch." Although her office said that Helen Gurley Brown, *Cosmopolitan's* editor in

Tanks for the Memory



An M-48-A1 combat tank rolls along Route 17 after Bulge celebration. This picture ran over eight columns across the top of page one in the Ridgewood News.

Not since William Randolph Hearst unilaterally declared war against Spain had a newspaper publisher rallied such militaristic fervor. For Bennett Fishler, the occasion was the 30th anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge. On the day of the attack, Dec. 16, 1944, Fishler was a 24-year-old tank company commander whose ten tanks would be destroyed south of Bastogne. Thirty years later, readers of Fishler's Ridgewood (N.J.) Newspapers (circ: 47,000) were bombarded twice weekly for a month with the front-page exploits of local liquor store owners and customer relations managers who were there. VETERANS TELL BULGE YARNS, read the headlines. PAT-TON'S MEN REMEMBER BULGE. The series culminated in a newspaper-sponsored "Bulge Jubilee." Coupons for jubilee tickets appeared regularly in the *Ridgewood News* and *Paramus Post*, and some 300 veterans responded by mailing in \$1 per ticket. BULGE PLAN GRIPS VETS, said the headlines.

On the day of the anniversary, Fishler rode in the turret of an M-48-A-1 tank two lanes wide as it rolled along Route 17 at 30 miles an hour, causing a massive traffic bottleneck. He parked at the junior high school, where the jubilee was held that night. There the crowd was treated to color guards, bugle calls, a three-minute speech by Fishler and a showing of *The Battle of the Bulge*, starring Henry Fonda. Proceeds of \$200 went to a veterans home.

Veterans groups were elated (MILITARY ORDER HAILS JUBILEE OF BULGE). But the paper's mainly young editorial staff reacted with horror. One reporter wrote a letter to the editor accusing the newspaper of sponsoring a "lunatic affair celebrating war." Fishler says that he undertook the project because "the Bulge was the last great American victory. All actions since then have ended in unsatisfactory ways. I felt something should be done to turn things around a little."

—MICHAEL ANTONOFF

New York

10

1010 WINS

New York Post

9

Amsterdam News

WNBC-TV 4

VOICE

WNEW-TV 5

VARIETY

13

The New York Times

02

THE BIG APPLE

DAILY NEWS

WHD

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NEW YORKER

7

chief, thought it was "too early" to comment, one *Cosmo* staffer said the feeling around the office was "of course he should be replaced, but I don't think he knows that yet." *Cosmopolitan* has already been besieged by inquiries from psychiatrists who assume Hartogs is out and want his job. —ANN MARIE CUNNINGHAM

Save Our Scribii

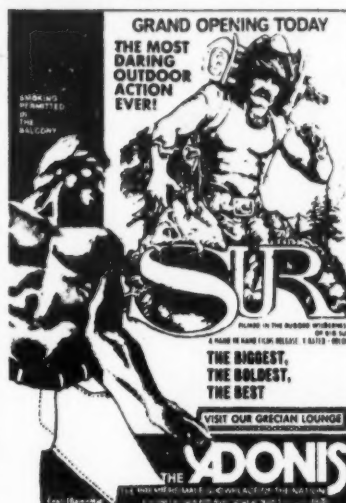
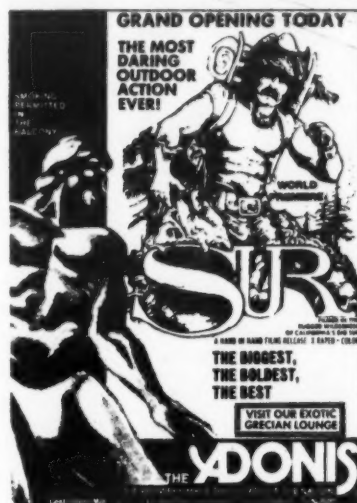
Pity the poor scribus freelancis. A resume we recently received from William Childress, a freelance photo journalist and columnist, informed us that this breed of writer is "the latest endangered species." Not only are freelancers especially hard-hit in a recession but, says Childress, many are being starved out by "two common enemies, *Magazinus slowpay* and *Magazinus nopay*." As for the future, "experts say only massive infusions of *Workus workus* can keep this wonderful bird from joining the dodo."

To aid in conservation efforts, the Society of Magazine Writers has established a service where editors in need of freelance talent can pick up the phone and "Dial-a-Writer." The service is designed to meet the increasing demand by publications for specialty writers. About 100 society members have resumes on file with Dial-a-Writer, which will collect a 5 to 10 per cent commission on a writer's salary. In New York, the number to call is 580-7085.

As The World Turns

"It was a rather serious problem," Jack Metcalfe, special projects editor for the *Daily News*, told us. "It came all the way from the top." Floyd Barger, editor of the *News* brought the matter to the attention of William Brink, executive editor, who in turn passed it on to Metcalfe as a special project. The problem, Metcalfe solemnly explained to us, was that on some days *The New York Times* said the sun would rise two minutes earlier than the *News* did. Theoretically a two-minute deviation in reporting the sunrise would

Permanent Press



The Adonis Theater, which calls itself "the premiere male showplace of the nation," was having its grand opening in Manhattan. Ads were sent to the three New York dailies to promote the first feature film, a *Hand in Hand* Films release called *Sur*. The ad, which ran as scheduled in the March 4 *Post*, featured a bronzed, muscle-bound male figure, clad only in a bulging jockstrap.

On March 3, however, the Great Scott advertising agency received a call from the *Times* suggesting it would be "more appropriate" to put pants and shirt on the figure. The waist of the pants was to reach elbow level, but the *Times* finally agreed to settle for a pair of white stitched jeans resting well below the navel. The *Daily News* simply scrapped the entire figure, doubtless cutting into attendance at the Adonis's "exotic Grecian lounge." —ERNEST RODRIGUEZ

require that the New York City of the *Times* be located 26 miles due east of the New York City of the *News*.

(To get a consensus we consulted *The New York Post* on the same subject and found, as some might have expected, a somewhat contradictory attitude. In February of this year the *Post* tended to agree with the *News* on a somewhat later rising time for the sun. By March, though, the paper seemed to be on the *Times*'s earlier schedule.)

Metcalfe told us he first noticed the discrepancy last December, even before he was assigned to the case, because "I get depressed during the winter and I like to know what time the day is going to start." He explained that some years ago he had done some navigation in the Navy

and that theoretically the times of the sunrise and sunset ought to be inviolate. Looking into the situation, Metcalfe found that the *News* based its sunrise on Naval Observatory charts, which in turn are calculated from a central location at Belvedere Tower in Central Park. Metcalfe's initial reaction was to get the Washington Bureau right on it. The chief of the bureau spent a half day at the Naval Observatory trying to straighten things out, but to no avail.

Over at the *Times*, Walter Sullivan, the science editor and an amateur astrologer, told us this had been a matter of some consternation to his paper also, but that in the last year the *Times* had purchased the services of "the top man in the field," Dr. Kenneth Franklin of the Hayden Planetarium. For \$1.36 per day (\$500 per year) Franklin supplies the *Times* with various astronomical data, reporting his sunrise and sunset figures from a station at Columbia University on Morningside Heights. The *Times* had formerly used the Naval Observatory charts, but some problems had developed. "Some days in early spring our sunrise figures would be going along fine, getting a minute or two earlier every day," said Sullivan. "Then one day, for no reason we could figure out, they would come out a minute later, something which was, theoretically, not possible."

We found Dr. Franklin at the Planetarium, and he didn't seem at all perturbed at the two-minute difference between his figures and those of the government. He patiently explained to us that, contrary to the layman's view of things, science is never exact. "If you look at something in a certain way you are going to get a certain measurement out of it," said Franklin. "Someone else will come along and do it somewhat differently and his values will be consistent with the way he did it, but not according to the other guy. It's often not important to be so accurate."

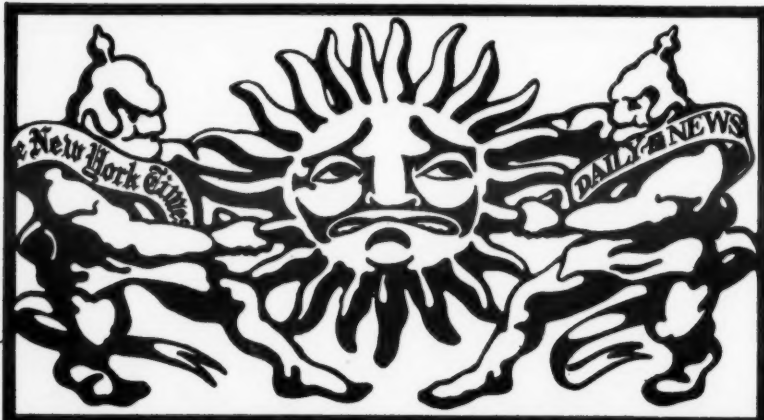
Unmindful of Dr. Franklin's laissez-faire attitude, the *News* proposed to the *Times* that both newspapers agree on some central point in Manhattan from which they could unilaterally report the sunrise. The *Times* suggested it would rather stick with Dr. Franklin.

Metcalfe told us that as of April 1 the *News* was moving its sunrise focal point from Central Park to the Battery and would be sticking with the government figures. Indeed, the move seems to have cleared up at least some of the discrepancy, although the Battery is even further away from Morningside Heights than is Central Park. On April 1 both papers set the sunrise at 6:40 A.M.—but the *Times* reported the sunset two minutes earlier than the *News*. "If we don't agree with them once we move to the Battery," said Metcalfe, "that's their problem, don't you think?"

—BLAKE FLEETWOOD

Criminal Chic

An overflow crowd attended Quadrangle's publishing party at *The New York Times* for Tom Wicker's new book about Attica, *A Time to Die*. Munching on hors d'oeuvres and congratulating Wicker on reviews were assorted pillars of the Eastern media establishment like John Chancellor, Murray Kempton, Dan Rather, Nat Hentoff and *Times* managing editor A.M. Rosenthal. Into this liberal den strolled surprise guest Jeb Stuart Magruder. Magruder came to the party with his paperback publisher, mixed easily and was a sought-after conversation partner. He asked to meet "Mr. Wicker" and spent several minutes discussing prison reform with Wicker and Chancellor. Wicker, who wrote a stinging column on Magruder's homecoming from jail, graciously told those who asked that it was "generous" of Magruder to come. Democratic prankster Dick Tuck introduced himself, and Magruder's eyes bulged. He told Tuck, "Dwight shouldn't have done it."



Paul Richer

New York

1010 WINS

New York Post

New York Times

9

Amsterdam News

WNBC-TV 4

VOICE

WNEW-TV 5

VARIETY

13

The New York Times

02

(MORE) 25

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That Championship Season

BY ROBERT LIPSYTE

Once, in a burst of frustration at the recognition and privileges of better-known and less-talented sportswriters, George Vecsey, then with *Newsday*, said: "I wish there was a championship for sportswriters—standings, play-offs, averages—some way of judging us so there'd be no question in anyone's mind who were the best." It was no isolated thought, and we agreed that many young, ambitious, talented C.P.A.'s and sheet-metal workers and band singers must feel the same way until they either renounce external judgment or seek it through money.

But the frustration of sportswriters seemed peculiarly poignant: they are always handing out grades (all-American, Hall of Fame, Coach of the Year) or commenting on them (won-lost records, top ten contenders, No. 3 in the East), and even the best, who might be expected to know better, end up classifying everything—cities, steaks, foreign treaties, sex acts, airplane landings, marriages, mixed drinks, famines—as Big-League or Bush, First-String or Scrubini, Prospective Phenom or simply horseshit. And who is to classify them? The athletes? The editors back in the office who watch games on television? God help us, the fans?

Yet, lo, the days of judgment have suddenly fallen upon us, and beneath the predictable pride and resentment is a dark current of serious—and very welcome—new thought about sportswriting as mainstream journalism, as pop sociology and as free publicity.

Last October, in *Esquire's* "Super Sports" issue, Randall Poe selected a sportswriters' all-star team: Red Smith of *The New York Times*, Jim Murray of *The Los Angeles Times*, Dick Young of the *New York Daily News*, Larry Merchant of *The New York Post*, Wells Twombly of the *San Francisco Examiner* and Roger Kahn of the host magazine. It was a solid line-up without a soft spot or a single surprise; it represented the first rank of contemporary establishment sportswriting.

There was some muttering in the press box; all six were columnists who chose their own assignments and were assured their scheduled space however limited it might be. How could they be fairly judged against feature writers or beat reporters? How could a gag writer like Murray be on the same list as a poetical stylist like Kahn or a street philosopher like Young? And who the hell is Randall Poe, anyway, to treat us like we treat jocks?

Poe, a 38-year-old public relations man for a Manhattan-based research firm, had written a gentle, buff's piece, and his Super Six generally held their pens, as becomes immortals. Most of them, however, had mixed feelings about the team Poe had assembled, fragmented as it was by geographical rivalry, style, generations and moral outlook.

Then, on, Feb. 7, in a front-page feature

Robert Lipsyte, a novelist and former New York Times sports columnist, is the author of *Sports-World*, to be published by Quadrangle in the fall.

about current trends in sportswriting, David Shaw of *The Los Angeles Times* set the three New York newspapermen of the Super Six to public squabbling. A media critic, Shaw alternated useful insight with shameless self-service. He named Merchant as the leading pioneer of "the modern skepticism and irreverence toward sports." As a sports editor in Philadelphia, Merchant's "most important acquisition" was George Kiseda, who is now a *Times* (L.A.) deskman. Shaw praised *Sports Illustrated's* "sound reporting and imaginative writing," an example followed carefully by, yes, the *Times* (L.A.). Shaw ultimately concluded that the second best sports department in the country was at *Newsday*, an L.A. *Times* property.

No. 1? You guess. And Shaw backed up his pick with concurring quotes from Merchant and James Tuite, of the N.Y. *Times*. Tuite has denied he ever said the L.A. *Times* had the best sports department in the country.

The first of the Super Six to respond to Shaw's golden apple was Red Smith, in a March column self-consciously entitled "Literati of the Playpen," and datelined Miami, where he was covering sunshine sports. Smith described Shaw's critique (brought to Red's attention by an old



"L.A. Timesman [David] Shaw equates being a New York Times sportswriter with 'being Raquel Welch's elbow,' which, if I understand the implications, is accurate enough."

friend, of course) as "tedious and uninformed." Shaw had cavalierly dismissed Smith as one of the "precursors of the modern movement," a stylist "whose influence was felt primarily by other individual stylists."

Smith took the historical highroad, leading with Coach Stanley Woodward's legendary *Herald Tribune* staff, of which Red was the star, and going all the way back to turn-of-the-century Charlie Dryden of Philadelphia, whom Poe in *Esquire* had fingered as a prototype jock-worshipper. Wrote Smith: "These were men of learning, grace and a professionalism one seldom sees reflected today, even in *The Los Angeles Times*. And even in *Sports Illustrated*. Before that dandy little weekly was a gleam in Henry Luce's eye, Pegler and McGeehan were deflating the windbags of sport from coast to coast."

Merchant weighed in a few days later. A basically serious sportswriter whose *Post* column is called "Fun and Games," he wrote: "... I must

"Exactly how does a sportswriter go about covering entertainment without being a sideshow barker? Even those diatribes against the glorification of violence in pro football end up selling tickets to the game."

state for posterity and anyone else interested that I was merely a part of a broad-based movement.... Then he began whacking at Red's sportswriting family tree.

There were good sportswriters before the Merchant generation, allowed Merchant—he mentioned Smith, A.J. Liebling, John Lardner and Jimmy Cannon. But "sportswriting has changed conceptually," he wrote, and "we were irreverent, debunking heroes and myths that didn't stand up to scrutiny... we were humanistic.... We saw ballparks as funhouses, not temples. We responded to the imperatives of the television age by digging for the hows and whys and whos."

Within a week, Dick Young leaped into the fray. He lobbed his grenades from Fort Lauderdale, where the Yankees practice for the baseball season. First he attacked the Merchant movement: "The new generation of sportswriter thinks of himself as a cross between Hemingway and Freud, with a strong dash of Proust, and meanwhile the score keeps coming up wrong in the first edition."

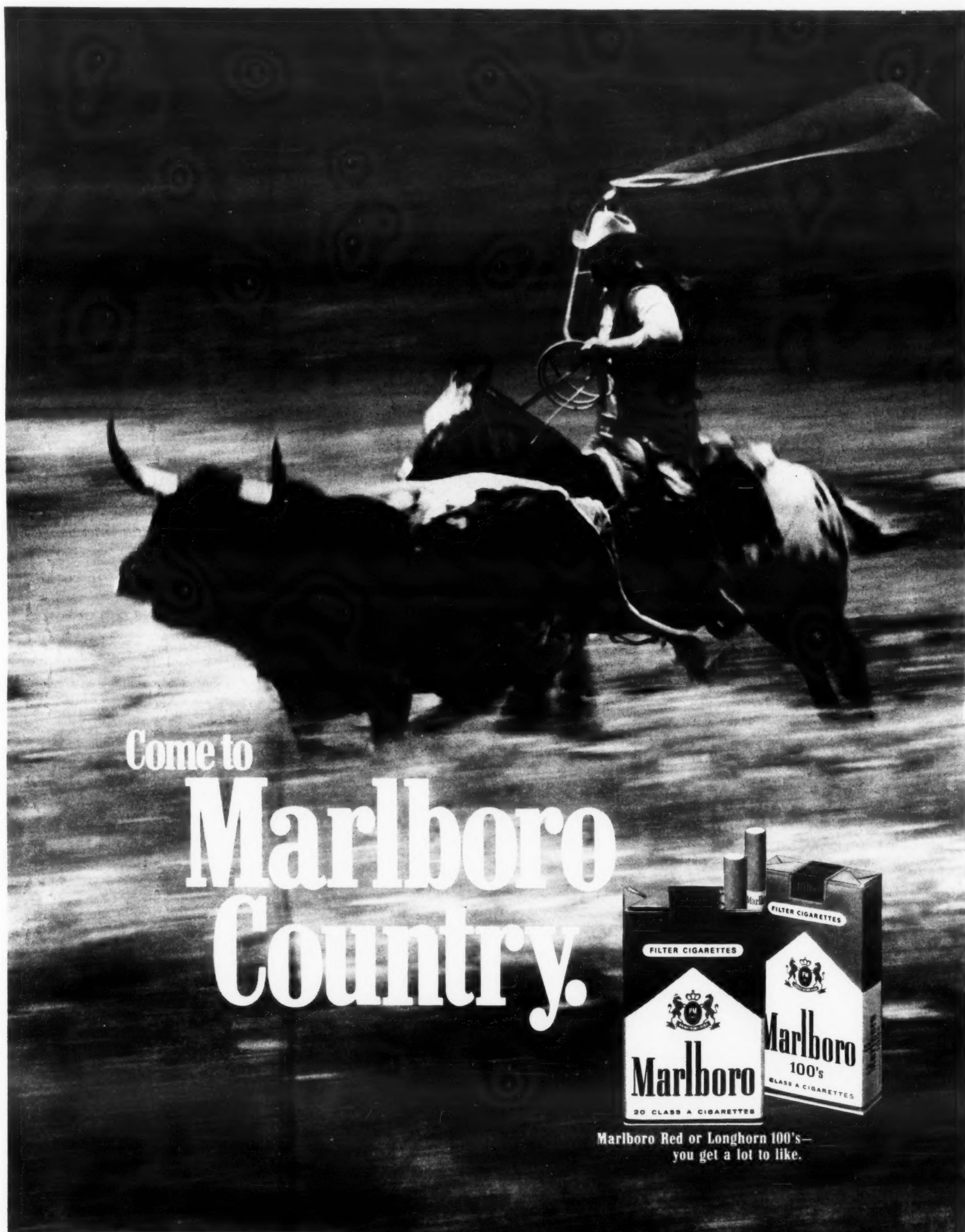
Then he turned on the Smith literati: "... most wrote with a diarrhea of adjectives that fouled up the plumbing in their typewriters. Some wouldn't get off their fat can if the press box blew up." Young was "fed up to here with so-called paragons of journalism styles categorizing me and other sportswriters." He threatened to vomit. Then he sneered at the *Herald Tribune* as an overrated loser, and he described Merchant, without mentioning his name, as unprofessional and a "guru."

Hot quotes! Guts ball! It is unlikely there will be any bloodshed, however. Young only hits TV cameramen, and then only when they block him at gang interviews. And Red, Larry and Dick have all gotten "getaway" or travel-time columns out of a "controversy" that, like most sports controversies, ends up obscuring the essential issues.

There are two. First of all, it is the relationship between the sports department and the newspaper's decision makers that is critical to the direction and quality of the sports pages, whether the columnist is lower or upper middle-aged, smokes grass or whitefish, sniffs jockstraps or rips them. L.A. *Timesman* Shaw equates being a *New York Times* sportswriter with "being Raquel Welch's elbow," which, if I understand the implications, is accurate enough. *Times* (N.Y.) management patronizes its sports department and keeps it alien from the rest of the paper (when I was there we referred to all other departments as Outside). *Times* management reduced the sports department's space allocation just when it needed more if it was to remain "the paper of record" in the boom time of sports expansion. And management traditionally avoided the active involvement which would have put pressure on sports editors and writers to achieve the level of the *Times* mainstream.

Conversely, many papers regard their sports pages as Raquel's boobs, overpromoting their columnists, overplaying home-team victories and even

(Continued on page 22)



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